JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 21, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1801

AIR RAIDS! OVER £26,000 CLAIMS PAID

THE AXIS WOBBLES By A.G.G.

WHAT PRICE SECURITY? *by the EDITOR*

You've earned your leisure...

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST, PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

A hint for the Home Guard

MOST of you men in the Home Guard are doing two jobs—your civilian work during the day and your guard duties at night. Many of you are exposed to rough weather, and in your keenness are inclined to forget that you're not so young as you were! All this extra strain makes you a target for winter ills. You know how to protect yourself against an enemy attack—don't forget to protect yourself against the ever-present dangers of attacks from coughs, 'flu', bronchitis — and even serious chest complaints.

At the first sign of a cough or a sneeze, take a dose of Famel. Here is a letter that contains a hint for you:

"I am 50 years old, an ex-service man and again giving service to my Country. Our duties (doing guards) are very trying at times as we are out in all weathers and in exposed places. But by regular use of your Syrup, I manage to keep free from colds, etc., and generally keep fit. I had to write you these few lines in appreciation of the good it has done me." F. H.—York.

Famel (brand) Syrup is no ordinary Cough medicine. Famel's wonderful 'active ingredient' — soluble lacto-creosote — one of the most powerful germicides known to medical science, penetrates right into the bloodstream and destroys dangerous germs before they can infect your system. At the same time, other valuable ingredients soothe the inflamed passages and build up your powers of resistance.

Famel Syrup is used and recommended by doctors, hospitals and sanatoria throughout the world. A bottle of Famel is an essential part of your equipment this winter.

At all Chemists—1/6 and 3/- (Triple Quantity)
Subject to the addition of Purchase Tax

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

"What was the name of that tobacco?"

I simply must send some to George for Christmas and he only likes one kind. He once told me he liked it because it was pure — no scents or artificial something. I remarked how odd that they should waste good scent on tobacco. But George said it was the other way round and, anyway, really good tobacco needed no scent. But, where was I? Oh, yes, the name of — why there's an empty tin in front of my very nose! Four Square, of course, I said it was all the time.

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING
8 DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH
PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE

Four Square Cigarettes — 1/6 for 20

RETURNED EMPTIES To conserve metal supplies, Four Square smokers are asked to be good enough to return empty tins to their tobacconist.

All your meat meals need a dash on
Now that rations are the fashion
SAYS Master O'Kay
—the Saucy Boy

O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"SAY DAD! MAY I HAVE A GLASS OF YOUR TIZER?"

ALL THE FAMILY LIKE IT!

Every drop is health-giving refreshment. Lovely natural concentrated fruit flavours—pure cane sugar—purest carbonated water—selected appetising bitters! My, what a Drink!

Keep your family fit and well!

Keep your family cheerful!

TIZER—THE APPETIZER—IS THE MOST DELICIOUS REFRESHMENT YOU EVER TASTED.

SPARKLING! REFRESHING!

NOTHING TO MAKE!

SIMPLY POUR IT OUT!

LARGE BOTTLE COSTS 4d

★ ENOUGH FOR 3 GLASSES

TIZER

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 21, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Straight from the Shoulder

WE WILL WIN QUICKLY IF—

LORD LOTHIAN was right.

If Uncle Sam backs us, he will not be backing a quitter.

If he helps us with every gun and every plane he can spare, we can win in 1942—if not before.

But there's a further "if." The most important factor in our expectation of early victory is not American help, but self-help.

Work as Never Before

We shall win decisively and quickly only if we increase our own arms production.

We must work as never before.

Spurt in our industrial output after the fall of France must be maintained. Indeed, it must be doubled.

Not an hour must be lost in any war factory.

Production bottlenecks will have to be eliminated.

Hold-ups of raw materials must be smoothed out.

Not a single machine should be idle because of delays in supplies.

Working as One

Unless we increase our efficiency, we shall not deserve victory.

Unless this is done with utmost speed, we shall have no right to demand American aid.

When the next British Ambassador appeals to our friends in Washington, he should be able to assure them that Britain is working to maximum capacity.

He should be able to say that all Britain is working as one man.

SOS to U.S.A.

Save us from our friends in the U.S.A.

They are pressing too hard for outside help. They are almost impertinent in their advice on what America should do.

Our actions here and in the various battlefields are our best pleaders. And by our actions our appeals for help must be judged.

Let us leave the U.S.A. to mind its own business. In particular, let us keep quiet about Mr. Kennedy. He was, after all, Uncle Sam's ambassador—not ours.

Wasted Energies

Our chief task is not to appeal for American aid but to put our own business in order.

We waste our energies by lack of co-ordination.

We have the world's best workers. We have mighty new factories with machinery that is little short of miraculous.

But we allow workers and plant to be held up by lack of transport.

Only now are we thinking of rationing the diners in fashionable restaurants. We waste shipping on importing luxuries we can do without.

Yet we need more ships to carry necessities.

A Cock-eyed World

Thirty thousand Welsh miners agree that this is a cock-eyed world. They have lost their jobs.

Twenty thousand more are on short time.

Argentina wants the coal they could raise.

She was always Wales' best customer.

We want grain from Argentina. But we can't spare the shipping. So the Argentine is trying to find how to turn its grain into fuel!

You know now why JOHN BULL calls for more ships to build.

How They Help Us

We must help ourselves.

We must work harder rather than depend on the U.S.A. to make good our deficiencies.

But, since we must accept help from across the Atlantic, we'd rather accept guns than charity.

American children are sending Christmas parcels to our bombed youngsters.

New York's morning milk is labelled with the appeal, "Milk for Britain's babies." Large sums raised in this way actually are spent on milk for our babies.

The United States is even supplying lavatories for our public air raid shelters!

Aren't You Ashamed!

Praise such generosity!

Be grateful for it.

Know that our American friends are helping us in every way they can.

But let us also be ashamed. Ashamed that foreign charity must provide our babies with milk, our shelterers with sanitary arrangements.

Ashamed that the British should be glad to accept such gifts.

Ashamed of the "scrounging" that goes on in their name.

CHALLENGE

● **Britain is trading with Italy.**

No, she is not buying from us. She is not that sort of fool.

We are buying from her.

Large quantities of lemons are reaching us from Spain.

JOHN BULL challenges Whitehall to deny that they are Italian lemons sent to us through Spain.

We challenge Ministers to deny that we are buying other Italian foodstuffs in the same roundabout way.

We challenge them to deny that this country is thus providing Italy with the sinews of war.

While trying to knock her out by our blows in Egypt and Albania, we are helping to keep her in by supporting her tottering resources.

We have let her outbid us for the Spanish onion crop. Bankrupt Mussolini pays for them in the goods which we buy.

Bigger Deposits

We tell Uncle Sam that we shall need his money, later, to buy guns as well as milk.

Yet we are not using our own money to its fullest extent.

Bank deposits have increased by £280,000,000 since the outbreak of war. A good deal of this money was created by the banks themselves, and it cost them nothing to do so.

Yet when it is loaned to the Government the Government pays interest on it.

That is one illustration of how the nation's needs bring profits to the few.

Squandering Money

The nation's money is also squandered to help landlords grow richer.

Land owned by Croydon builders was taken by the War Office. The owners have been awarded compensation—at the rate of £1,084 an acre.

That land had paid no rates, but, when the nation needed it, a fortune had to be given to the lucky owners!

Why so much? Because the near-by town, at public expense, had provided excellent transport and drainage that made the site valuable!

What a Hope!

Now Big Business is asking for tax rebates on dividends.

It is said that taxes are so crushing that industrialists cannot afford to build war extensions.

Perhaps. But it was also said that no excess profits would be allowed in this war.

And what has happened?

Inflation Started

One firm on war work is paying a 44 per cent. dividend on its turnover last year. Another firm 133 per cent. A third 22½ per cent., compared with 2½ per cent. in 1938.

But employers refuse higher wages on the score of avoiding inflation.

Certainly this is a worthy aim. But the prices of goods have been raised. So has the cost of living. That means that real wages have fallen.

And so inflation has already begun.

Good Luck to Them

Position is so topsy-turvy that Labour Ministers are demanding drastic action.

They want the railways taken over, so that higher fares can be prevented.

They want more control over property, to stop ramps from flourishing.

They want to take over more war factories, so that waste and excessive profits shall be eliminated.

JOHN BULL hopes they will win. For this war will not be won by half-measures.

We must be as bold, as vigorous, in our war economy as in our fighting against Goering's bombers and Graziani's levies.

Let's get down to business!

(Continued overleaf.)

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at Lloyds'—for every reader

OVER £26,000 ALREADY PAID!

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

(Continued from page 3)

TWO spies executed at Pentonville. At once a few fools whisper to one another that a gigantic spy ring has been discovered.

Rubbish. Nazis have agents here. But there's no evidence of any big organisation.

As for Fifth Columnists, Scotland Yard is sure that nearly every suspect has by now been checked up.

Even unlikely cases have been sifted. There's reason to believe that most real traitors have betrayed themselves by now.

LACK OF TRANSPORT

Some shops are short of supplies. Yet there's nothing wrong with Government system of "dispersal."

Big stocks are held in reserve all over the country.

Breakdown is due to lack of transport from these food dumps to the shops.

And that's due to the sinister official policy, enforced for years, of obstructing road transport to help railway profits.

WHERE BLAME LIES

Railwaymen blame cheeseparing policy during the years of depression for rail delays. Repair staffs were cut to a minimum.

Not enough "locos" were built.

Result is that engines needing severe overhaul are kept in service. Trains cannot be timed with certainty, and they slow up the trains behind them.

Connections are missed. Goods have to stand in the yard until next day.

So our railwaymen readers tell us, and their testimony should be remembered when the rail directors approach Parliament soon for higher fares.

FULLER PUBLIC CONTROL

There should be fuller public control not only of the railways but also of the food trade.

Control all prices Squeeze out unnecessary middlemen!

Middlemen are not making big profits. But there are too many of them.

Uncontrolled goods are sold from one agent to another, many times over.

Even though only a small profit is made on each transaction, the ultimate price to the shopkeeper—and the consumer—is far too high.

LORD WOOLTON SAID—

Lord Woolton says it isn't his job to stop the ramp in turkeys. He won't interfere with "luxury" foodstuffs.

But at war's outbreak we were told that *NO* food ramps would be tolerated.

We still think that the better plan.

NO EXCUSE HERE!

Shopkeepers were encouraged to lay in extra stocks of sugar. Now the retail price of sugar has been reduced. So traders must sell their extra stocks at a loss of 9s 4d. a cwt.

Some shops persuade customers to buy tinned foods on the plea that "they'll be 4d. dearer next Monday."

They won't be, but the dodge enables stocks to be cleared quickly.

HOW ENCOURAGING!

Canvey Island, Essex, wanted an A.R.P. telephonist.

Advertisements invited applications from unemployed over military age.

Man appointed owns two shops, is of military age.

Protesting ratepayers have been advised to take up voluntary A.R.P. work.

What encouragement!

THEY REBUKED HIM

Coal shortage is made worse by impudent highhandedness of local fuel officers.

Villager who depends on coal for cooking was visited only twice in ten weeks by coal merchant with whom he had registered.

Rather than go hungry and cold, he bought coal from another merchant, and has been severely rebuked by officialdom.

WATCH THEM ALL!

If you hand in a war damage compensation claim to your district valuer, make sure you get a receipt for it.

Should it be lost, you won't be able to replace it at the end of the war, when settlement becomes due.

Make copies of all documents. Worry authorities until each is acknowledged.

Although why some councils are seven weeks behind in sending out printed acknowledgments is beyond our comprehension.

GO ON KICKING!

We promise you that we'll go on kicking the laggards.

Lambeth greengrocer was bombed-out three months ago.

After much fuss, he was given £1 from the public assistance committee.

He claimed £190 for his insured stock. The claim was passed to the Board of Trade and he still hasn't had a penny.

And he has not received any allowance for his war injury, despite hospital certificates.

Officialdom's fumbling fools are due for another shake-up. Help us to prompt it by telling us of any injustice you meet!

ISN'T IT SILLY?

We want the Ministers of Health and Pensions to move the "invisible line" that cuts through the London area.

Soldiers' widows on one side of a street get 7s. 6d. a week less than those living on the opposite side.

Similar folly occurs with evacuation, where a postal boundary runs down the middle of the street.

Why not adopt the Metropolitan Police boundary instead?

HELP SHOP-WORKERS

Sensible reform that's pretty sure to be adopted is the Thursday pay-day for wage-earners.

Negotiations with big employers are going well.

Shops are in favour, because the change would lessen week-end strain on the assistants.

UNPAID ARMY TUTORS

War Office may not know that many soldiers are given two stripes and told to train recruits.

But this promotion is to "acting unpaid" rank, so they get no extra pay.

If they are good enough to do the job, they should get the money it's worth.

SKY-HIGH JUMP

Insolent new racket is levied on stored furniture.

One firm has decided that, as it must now employ a fire-watcher, its charges for storage will be raised by 100 per cent. from next January!

Some increase is obviously permissible. But doubling of rates seems to justify official — and peremptory — enquiry.

BLUE BLACK-OUT

Special black-out glass has been devised by the National Physical Laboratory.

Tinted blue, it's transparent enough to pass all the daylight required into a room. But it will not pass either electric or gas light—providing yellow lighting is used.

IS IT FAIR?

Young men from the West Indies who paid their fare to Britain in order to join up are disgruntled.

Others from the West Indies are now going to Canada for enlistment. They get the high Canadian rate of pay; those who came to Britain get the lower British rate.

It shouldn't be difficult to give equal treatment to all servicemen from overseas.

FINE FOR FOREIGNERS

Again, Poles and other Allied Servicemen get ordinary British rates plus grants from their own Governments.

So foreigners in our Forces are much better off than our own men, another anomaly that cannot be justified when all are fighting for the same cause.

OUTPOSTS OF CONQUEST

Last chance to smuggle Nazi spies and saboteurs to South America is not being neglected.

They are leaving in the guise of refugees from France, pass through Spain to Lisbon, from which to sail for the New World that Hitler regards as part of his New Order.

South American States, alert to the danger of Nazidom, will have to be still more alert during the next few weeks.

THAT'S HIS PROBLEM

More difficult is Hitler's bombing problem.

He can't hush up the R.A.F. raids.

In simple, blunt language that the German understands, his people are being told that his efforts to terrorise British civilians will not be met by leaflets, but by bombs.

And on the back of every "We Hit Back" leaflet is a map showing the areas already plastered by the R.A.F. and a list of all the heavily bombed objectives.

DESERVED PRAISE

The old leaflets we dropped on Germany and the occupied countries were badly criticised.

These new and topical efforts deserve praise.

Even Hitler won't be able to explain them away.

A bundle of leaflets dropped from every R.A.F. bomber might eventually prove little less effective than the bombs that precede it.

Behind the News

● **Anti-Fascist Royalist Party led by Count Torlonia has come into the open since dismissals of Badoglio and other fighting chiefs. Secretly backed by almost all Italian aristocrats, among them the Crown Prince, Torlonia has always been against industrialists who have kept Mussolini in power.**

● ***Mussolini's dread of assassination has developed into an obsession since the death of Bocchini, head of his bodyguard and chief of secret police. It seems that this fear is affecting his ability to deal with the war crisis.***

● **Bocchini's death has also split the ranks of the secret police. Anti-Fascist movements are now encouraged to combine without fear of suppression.**

● **French patriots are inciting Nazi "occupation troops" to demand home leave. Court-martial for refusal of duty are now commonplace.**

● ***Even in Tunis and Morocco opinion has hardened against Germany; Italians are wholly discredited. General Weygand has reported to Vichy that there is no prospect now of any future co-operation with the Central Government until it is openly announced that Germany will never have the French Fleet or bases on the French colonial coast.***

● **Turkish Government has ordered dismissal and return home of all remaining Nazi technicians in the country. Ankara has asked British authorities in the Near East and India for experts to help fill the vacancies.**

● **Bulgaria has refused German request to allow Bulgarians in Rumania to continue work for the Nazis: 64,000 have been repatriated to the Dobrudja. The remaining 37,000 have been ordered to return before the New Year.**

● ***Behind Bulgaria's new understanding with Turkey is a story of intense Nazi intrigue that went wrong. Germany first offered Bulgaria a bribe of territorial gains in Greece, then threatened an invasion. Boris turned to Stalin, and, after a word from Moscow to go ahead, called the Nazi bluff.***

● **In many other spheres Nazi-Soviet friction is developing behind the scenes. Moscow has warned Berlin to give up the idea of establishing even a "mosquito" navy in the Black Sea based on the Rumanian ports.**

● **Along other points of the Nazi-Soviet frontier, traffic facilities have been suspended.**

Without Fear or Favour By THE EDITOR

WHAT PRICE SECURITY?

SOMEBODY called them "the Forgotten Men" and we remembered the label and went on forgetting the men.

At one time there were more workless people in this country than there are now in uniform. There are still some three-quarters of a million unemployed.

Germany has none. Hitler found work for everybody. He made no new discovery. He put his "idle hands" to the only trade that has hitherto provided work for all—the devil's trade of war.

If we want not only to smash "Hitlerism," but also to destroy the root cause of war itself, we shall have to abolish the army of the unemployed—for ever.

There will be no "New Order," but only continued chaos in Europe, unless Britain makes it her aim to give all men and women in every country, after victory is won, the opportunity to work for a fair living wage.

No Going Back

Thoughtful and honest people of every class and every political Party are beginning to realise that there can be no return to pre-war conditions.

The old social and economic system is breaking up. Nothing can save it. For better or worse, it must be replaced.

JOHN BULL congratulates the *Times* on its dawning recognition of this tremendous fact.

In a recent leading article this historic organ of "the ruling classes" frankly admitted that the only way to abolish war is to set up "an international order in which good faith will be observed and in which the unchecked pursuit of national interest will be tempered by consciousness of loyalty to some wider community."

This was not one of those woolly generalisations which are so often used to wet-blanket sincere endeavour. No; the leader-writer went on to say that under this "New Order" we shall have to attach new meanings to those famous words—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Liberty, "to imply not so much freedom from interference as a chance for all."

Equality, to confer "not only equal access to the polling booth and the court of law but equal access to the more restricted field of social and economic opportunity."

And Fraternity, to mean "*not mere formal recognition of common citizenship but a lively sense of common responsibility for the well-being of the least fortunate.*"

JOHN BULL goes all the way with this writer and anybody else willing to accept these three definitions and to stand by them.

We have put the third into italics because it is the most important.

If the "Haves" keep that "lively sense of common responsibility" for the welfare of the "Have Nots," there will be no more unemployment and there need be no more war.

None but scoundrels can wish to prolong the world's agony; none but fools to end it—on Hitler's terms.

For we know those terms in advance. We know that the Nazis aim at nothing less than the enslavement of every other country. They have said so in unmistakable language and they *are* enslaving the peoples in occupied territory.

None the less, the Nazis could not have gained control of Germany if the German masses had been earning a living wage. They were not.

When Hitler first sought power there were seven million unemployed and millions more working for starvation pay.

This was the dry tinder of the world conflagration to which Hitler put the match.

It was particularly inflammable tinder in the Reich, because for the past hundred years Germany's rulers have glorified war for its own sake.

Hitler dreamed of nothing else.

"War is the most natural, the most everyday matter," he said. "War is eternal. War is life!"

But even in Germany he could not have persuaded a *contented* people to echo that shocking blasphemy, and Great Britain was at least partly to blame for Germany's discontent.

Curse of Europe

JOHN BULL makes no excuse for the vile crimes that the Nazis have committed. We have no sentimental pity for the bullies who have been the curse of Europe for three generations.

Germany herself cannot be saved except by the overthrow of "Hitlerism," but, when that has been accomplished, we must make it possible for the German people to share the security which we desire for ourselves and the rest of the world.

If not, then, sooner or later, there will be a third world war.

Within the British Commonwealth of Nations there has been during the twentieth century a great change of outlook. All the English-speaking peoples have come to realise their interdependence.

This country, in particular, has slowly and painfully abandoned the nineteenth century conception of "imperialism." It no longer seeks to exploit the Empire. It recognises the necessity of a give-and-take policy in any association of free peoples.

In other words, the Commonwealth is feeling an ever-livelier "sense of responsibility for the well-being of the least fortunate."

When we have won the war, we can only hope to achieve durable world peace by an extension of the same fraternal principle to all countries the world over.

We shall have to give up the idea of "making the foreigner pay." We shall have to curb the greed of our own vested interests.

We must put a stop to the rotten old game of "beggar my neighbour" and be prepared to make reciprocal sacrifices as between friend and friend.

Devil that Drives

Mr. Ernest Bevin, in a recent speech at a Rotary Club luncheon, put his own war aims into two words: "Social Security." He sees, as JOHN BULL has always seen, that "unemployment has been the devil which has driven the masses in large areas of the world to turn to the dictators."

And he shares our view that "there can be no social security on the basis of the present economic order." Profit must no longer be accepted as "the only motive to energy, to production and to enterprise."

The war is grimly proving that it is *not* the only motive to these things.

Sacrifice is demanded of us all. Employers have to forgo a large part of their profits; workers have surrendered many of their cherished rights; taxation becomes heavier and heavier and the general public is denied its luxuries and is urged to save and to lend.

The country as a whole is meeting all these and other demands with courage and cheerfulness.

But the fantastic fact remains that, had we been willing to make far lesser sacrifices ten years ago, we could have averted the unemployment crisis and we might conceivably have set such an example as would have saved the world from war.

For a mere fraction of the sums which the world is now spending upon armaments it could have ensured a decent livelihood to its workers, guaranteed the comfort of the aged and the sick, beautified its towns, enriched its lands and established a "New Order" which no Hitler would have dared to challenge.

Given the will, it *must* be possible to harness the immense energies and vast resources of the British Commonwealth to the purposes of peace as well as to the destructive purposes of war.

Persuade the World

If we could only persuade the world that this is what we intend to do—if we could but proclaim our main war aim to be "social security" in *every* country—we should launch a propaganda offensive that the Nazi régime would be powerless to withstand.

"At the end of this struggle," said Mr. Bevin, "we shall have men demobilised from the Forces, men taken from industry and tremendous readjustments to make."

"Therefore, I urge every citizen to direct his mind, not to tiding over an immediate difficulty, but to the laying of a new foundation of society *now*."

And, unless we combine to disband the army of the unemployed, there will be no social security for any of us, no hope of lasting peace, and no profit in our hard-won victory.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

EVERY situation can be met in two ways: We can stand up to it, or we can sit down to it.

Carlyle said that the question every man has to answer *for himself* is: "*Wilt thou be a hero or a coward?*"

When you're up against it you can either give in or fight.

You can either act like a human jellyfish or like a man. It is for you to decide: you and no one else.

Hollywood has made us familiar with the human jellyfish.

He's a "Yes man."

That great humorist P. G. Wodehouse describes the great dynasty of Yes men thus:—

"A Yes man's duty is to attend conferences and say 'Yes.'

"A Nodder's, as the name implies, is to nod.

"The chief executive throws out some statement of opinion and looks about him expectantly.

"This is the cue for the senior Yes man to say 'Yes.'

"He is followed, in order of precedence, by the second Yes man—or Vice-Yesser, as he is sometimes called—and the junior Yes man.

"Only when all the Yes men have yessed do the Nodders begin to function.

"They nod."

That's funny.

Yet, when we behave like Yes men and Nodders our shortcomings become serious.

We're trying to be all things to all men.

We're ceasing to have personality of our own.

If we drift instead of deciding; if we slack and put off and display apathy; if we let other people shoulder our burdens; if we fail to gear up our machinery to the limit of its efficiency—then we're just "yessing."

Use your human personality with its will of your own!

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
10, Downing Street

DEAR SIR,—I am no champion of the B.B.C. I have no doubt that its overseas programmes, though lately improved, could be made better still.

But broadcasting will not be able to seize new opportunities if it is brought under the stultifying control of the Ministry of Information or the timorous direction of the Foreign Office.

At present it retains some sort of independence. And it should.

We must keep the air free, insist that the B.B.C. should be an unbiased force in national and international life.

Already too reactionary, it will merely reflect the High Tory mind (or lack of it) if made a mere appendage of some Government Department.

I urge you not to be persuaded into so disastrous a decision by the wirepullers of either Whitehall or Bloomsbury.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal E. L. COSSAGE,
Chief of R.A.F. Personnel

DEAR SIR,—An airman called-up twelve weeks ago allotted his mother 7s. a week.

She has not yet received a penny of it; her letter to the records officer has been ignored.

Not an isolated instance by any means.

And not a shred of excuse for such disgraceful delay!—JOHN BULL.

CITY COUNCIL,
Sheffield

GENTLEMEN,—Your Watch Committee's proposal deserves to be killed by ridicule.

Any soldier who wants to take his girl to the cinema on Sunday will have to ask permission from his commanding officer—and give details about the girl.

The object, no doubt, is to prevent troops from associating with dubious characters. But such interference with a man's private life is as objectionable as a busybody's slander.

Does your Watch Committee consist of Victorian grandmothers?—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—The recipes distributed by your Department are evidently designed to make our mouths water.

One demands a pint of milk, an egg, sugar, red currant jelly and other ingredients.

Another requires ¾ lb. of mincemeat and the same weight of apples.

Cheese, lemon juice, raisins, almonds and bananas are suggested for sandwiches.

I need hardly point out that these things are either unobtainable or are scarce in many districts.

And you will surely point out to your officials that their suggestions, though amusing, are a waste of precious paper.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—To encourage people to leave the cities, "homely gossips" are to tell them what conditions await them in reception areas.

Better, surely, that conditions in all reception areas should be made fit for evacuees.

Families must not be split up

Big houses must be requisitioned to reduce the overcrowding in small cottages. The hostel principle should be adopted wherever possible.

I agree with the Children's Nutrition Council that in every reception district there should be a central bureau where official forms and advice can be obtained.

In South Wales, at the moment, an evacuated mother may have to travel miles to get a free-milk permit.

For medical attention she must go to another far-off place

For public assistance she must go somewhere else.

If she wants boots for her children and hasn't the money to buy them, she is told to see the school authorities—who have no funds for the purpose.

Nothing is done to prevent this endless trudging by weary mothers.

And nothing will be done unless you insist upon local councils doing their duty.

You are now thinking of making evacuation compulsory.

You must also make proper conditions a compulsory feature of the scheme.—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
Board of Trade

DEAR MAJOR,—Far too many monopolies have been created by the war.

Is yet another to plunder industry and the public?

Glaziers fear that a new glass "ring" will eventually force its own terms upon builders.

They must now get supplies from half a dozen big firms at 50 per cent. above the manufacturers' cost.

The suggested Government schedule is being evaded.

Big firms sell glass to the builder—and supply him with labour. The dearer the labour, the more profit is indirectly made on the glass.

Small contractors think they will be crowded out from their own trade.

We can't afford this to happen, so perhaps you will investigate.—JOHN BULL.

HERR HITLER,—I salute you as a clever clown, funnier even than Charlie Chaplin's impersonation of you.

No wonder you tried to stop those photographs in which you are shown dancing and posturing after the fall of France!

For they reveal you as a little man, little in mind as well as stature.

They are the best disproof of the false picture drawn of you by sycophantic Nazis, who hail you as a great statesman and calm philosopher determined to build a new Europe.

You have built a New Order on the bodies of the slain; you are increasing the might of Germany by the brawn of underpaid workers and the underfed slaves you have imported from Poland.

But the structure is flimsy and one day will crack; there are already signs of disorder in the conquered countries you try to weld into your New Order.

And even you no longer dance with the exhilaration of triumph. Perhaps you are beginning to realise that one day you will dance to our tune.

For you begin to talk to your people in such phrases as "if we lose——"

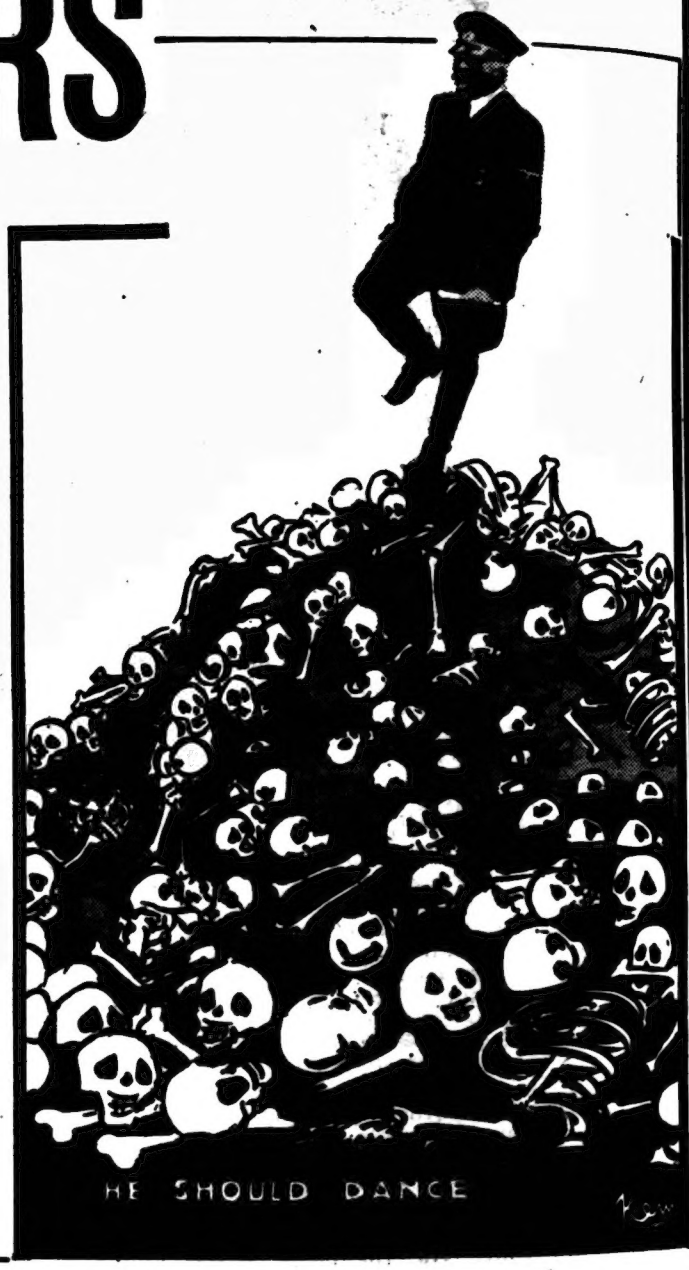
No less significant is your denial that you have an inferiority complex where Britain is concerned.

Your ally, Italy, is floundering. Your attempt to break us by invasion has had to be postponed; you have failed to crush us by weight of bombs.

No, you danced too soon.

You did not foresee that Britain would alone withstand your ruthlessness, that you would be forced to apply a counter-blockade to oppose our grip that is slowly strangling you, and that each night your war industries would be shattered by our bombs.

You should begin to practise your own Dance of Death, Adolf.—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Men were sent to a Liverpool job by employment exchanges in Devon, Sussex, Scotland and Ireland.

The job lasted only three days; they had to pay the full fare back—and seek help from the police to do so.

A difficult job, this fare business.

But I know you're ingenious enough to solve it.—JOHN BULL.

HOUSING COMMITTEE,
Norwich

GENTLEMEN,—Army allowances were increased to help soldiers' families meet the higher cost of living. Not to help landlords or employers!

But you are reducing the rent rebates of soldiers' wives—so women with large families must pay 2s. a week more rent.

How quickly can generosity be converted to meanness!—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR and COUNCILLORS,
Eastbourne

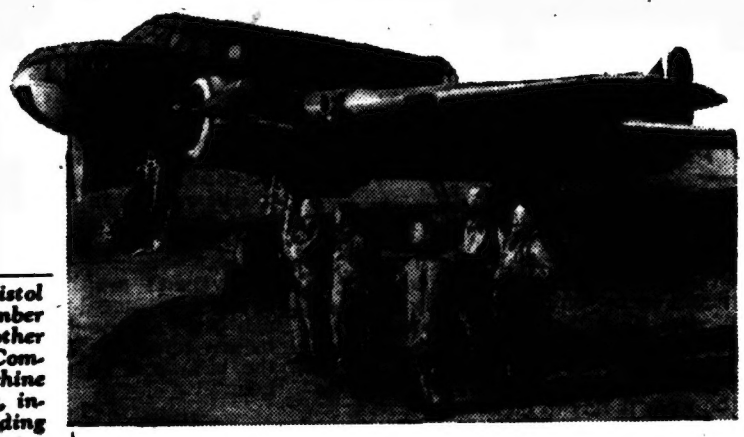
DEAR SIRS,—When your winter gardens were closed the manager retired on a pension of more than £7 a week and a rent-free house.

Now he has been given a clerk's job at £200 a year, ostensibly to look after the property he formerly controlled.

Any pension scheme fails in its objects if it debars younger men from jobs or slows down promotion.—JOHN BULL.

"Find Hitler's Navy!"

★ OUT WITH THE COASTAL PATROL: Continuing the exhilarating story of the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command, Captain Frank Shaw tells another of the epics described to him by one of the many flying officers with whom he has talked



Crew of a Bristol Beaufort bomber watch another Coastal Command machine climb away, intent on raiding a Nazi port

COASTAL Command gets lots of variety.

And when we unship the bomb-racks and take torpedoes aboard, we know that there is real sport in the offing.

Not so long ago the "boss" called me into his room.

"Ship your 'mouldies,'" he ordered.

"Mouldy" is Air Force-ese for torpedo. We borrowed it from the Royal Navy.

"Very good, sir," I said, in best Jack Warner fashion.

"And find *Scharnhorst*," he added. "Find any part of Adolf's Navy and strafe it to hell.

"The Navy can look after the small fry, but we will have to dig out his big ships. They must be aground on their own schnapps bottles."

That was a good enough roving commission.

Britain's Reply

Enemy coasts are patrolled regularly from North Cape to Lorient, and we knew that Hitler's navy hugged Baltic waters and the Skagerrak pretty closely.

To send naval units in after these scrimshankers was to invite disaster.

They were protected by minefields, submarines and dive-bombers.

Adolf's airfields dominated all the northern waters, his short-range, coastal submarines were legion, and you know all about magnetic mines.

But Britain's Beaufort bombers seem designed by Providence to beat even that assortment of frightfulness.

U-boats can't touch 'em; neither can minefields; and as for dive-bombers—well, we can do a bit of diving in turn, and we've shown on a thousand occasions that we can beat off most aerial attacks.

I received further instructions, then dashed away to tell "Y," my navigator, who hadn't then been killed.

"*Scharnhorst*-hunting!" I said.

His eyes shone.

His brother was killed aboard *Rawalpindi*.

"If you can find him," I said, "we'll see who puts his thumbs up first!"

"I'll find him if we have to rake Hell to do it," said he, and sat down to charts and an analysis of the dope I'd brought along.

End of U-boat

The big ship was either in Stavanger Fjord or moving around adjacent waters.

Next morning was good for the show. We loaded up, freshened our memories with the latest bulletins, and set out.

Over the North Sea we spotted some British small fry, destroyers and light cruisers, dragging the tails of their coats across Hitler's doorstep, inviting him to give them a chance.

We saw a merchantman hit by a U-boat torpedo.

We dodged off our course to call up a destroyer, and had the pleasure of watching him destroy the Hun with depth charges and gunfire before he went along to save the merchantman's crew.

Then he "cruiser-arc-ed" us to thank us for putting a bit of good hunting in his way, and we signalled back our compliments.

When we sighted Norway, I spotted the big fellow.

It might be *Scharnhorst;* but a slight sea-mist blurred the silhouette.

Our target spotted us as we circled, and opened the hottest fire I've ever known.

So did three smaller ships acting as escort.

The four ships started to lay a smoke screen.

But we were almost on top of the big fellow before it became effective.

I had come down to under a hundred feet when I realised that this wasn't the *Scharnhorst* at all.

It was a Hun all right, but he didn't conform to the silhouette. I couldn't recognise him at all.

He must have been something new, commissioned after the war.

My orders were to bag the *Scharnhorst*, but this heavy cruiser promised to be as much of a menace as the battleship, and it seemed a pity to have jockeyed into position without scoring a hit.

Catching the Blast

I was down at thirty feet only when I made up my mind.

At that height we got the blast of everything, deck guns, machine-guns with "ak-aks." He even plugged at us with turret-guns, and the roar of the big shells drowned the din of the engines.

We felt as though we were being blown out of the sky.

The "Flaks" lined up and added their quota.

Something hit the windscreen.

My eyes dimmed. Blood was all over my face.

But I could still see, and there was the ship, looming larger and larger.

Even if he gave us a direct hit, our impetus would carry us fairly aboard him. But then the torpedo mightn't explode.

"Let go!" I said.

We were virtually skimming the water. Spray washed us.

"Gone!" said "Y," and the "mouldy" dropped, took its depth and—I knew we'd scored a hit.

The trail of bubbles from the engine came up, smoothing down the waves. The line of bubbles ran fairly under his fore turret, where the main magazine was most likely to be.

I held my breath.

Long before the torpedo struck we were over him.

I'd almost forgotten to pull the stick back for the climb, and we must have grazed his mastheads. Honest!

Those aboard, crowds of them, were shooting with everything they had.

Scottie raked them with his guns. As I shot clear I banked and turned just as the tinfish hit the ship.

That was a sight worth seeing. You feel you haven't lived in vain when you see things of that sort.

First of all, a mast-high column of foam shot up over his fore-deck. As it was breaking to cascade down the big ship lurched drunkenly. It canted to starboard.

The Flaks kept up a hot fire, and I was getting ready to dive for the "Flaks" when the big chap's magazine went off.

Gutted the Ship

It gutted him—that's the only word.

The whole of his bow works were blown sky-high, and I lit out for safety, because that sort of explosion makes the vicinity dangerous.

The detonation must have burst his bulkheads. He tilted forward. It didn't seem possible that a ship of that size could sink so quickly. I rubbed my eyes—and by the time I looked again the whirling screws were above water, and she was funnel-under.

We shot over the Flaks, using up all the ammunition in silencing them. Then sailed back. But I was disappointed.

We'd spitchered Hitler's latest heavy cruiser, a ship he bragged could shoot up any of our battle-cruisers. Yet she wasn't the *Scharnhorst*.

So when the "boss" told us to take an easy, I asked whether we might have another go.

He agreed.

As it was hardly likely *Scharnhorst* would be out, with this chap keeping patrol, the battleship would be in harbour, and the chance for torpedo attack in a narrow, high-walled, winding fjord was small.

Off Again!

I told the ground staff to ship the bomb-racks.

They loaded us with eggs—top-weights.

The aircraft was overhauled like lightning, and, as my crew were with me to the last hair, we took off again.

It was hardly lunchtime!

The Hun had put out a lot more "Flak," as if sensing a definite menace, and his fighters came out to look-see.

They went for us, but when we shot one down the others bolted. We were raked a bit, but no vital part was hit. "Sparks" put out the fires.

As was passed over Stavanger we saw *Scharnhorst*.

All Norway shot at us as we made ready to dive, and we were blasted upside down. But I righted the ship and then swooped.

There wasn't anything in the Hun armoury to stop us.

One heavy-weight bomb scored a direct hit on *Scharnhorst's* front turret.

Another hit his stern. It seemed butchery to give him any more just then, and we were taking a pasting ourselves.

So I gave the aircraft the gun and cleared out.

In the narrows we saw a convoy of troopers making for anchorage. And we still had a couple of bombs left!

I couldn't see what happened exactly, as my eyes were hurting; but "Y" said the first bomb hit the leading trooper and stopped it dead, while the next astern blundered fairly into him, rammed him, bounced back and began to sink by the head.

The first one vanished in oil and ash.

Our last bomb hit a third trooper.

He turned clean over and floated that way. I started for home.

It had been a good day's hunting.

DON'T FORGET THIS ARMY

SPARE a thought for Britain's Forgotten Army!

Most of the glory to-day goes to the Forces in the news, but units of the Army, Navy and Air Force are carrying out a supremely important job, often under terrible conditions, seven hundred and fifty miles north-west of Scotland.

When Nazis walked unopposed into Denmark, the Icelandic Parliament, oldest in the world, historically speaking, broke away from the mainland.

British troops then occupied the barren, mountainous island of Iceland, which is larger than Ireland, yet has only 110,000 inhabitants.

Otherwise, Germans would have established air and naval bases there from which to raid British cities and sea routes.

British naval units, working from Iceland, have cleaned up Nazi depots and radio stations.

* * *

Iceland welcomed British troops—even though some brief opposition came from their small Nazi and Communist sections—and the prosperity they bring.

In shipping dues at the modern capital, Reykjavic, in high payment to thousands of Icelandic labourers improving the island's primitive mountain roads, in compensation for buildings and services taken over, in billeting payments, good sterling is flowing into poor Iceland.

In return, Iceland is ordering British apparatus with which they plan to central-heat the whole of Reykjavic from the island's natural hot springs.

Many Canadians are among the men stationed within the Arctic Circle, where sledge teams and skiing units are organised and a six months' reserve of food is kept.

* * *

These men now have fewer than three hours' daylight every "day," and drill and train indoors.

British forces have taken over shipping and harbours; the roads are dotted with tank traps; long-range guns guard the coasts against counter invasion.

Recently Lord Gort made a 1,000-mile inspection tour to watch troops manœuvring over mountainous country.

Soldiers find the people are very hospitable and have joined local dance, football and choral societies

Recently a small E.N.S.A concert party travelled round the island giving shows in icy barns and huts. Wrapped in Army-issue sheepskins, the party, including four London girls, penetrated the Arctic Circle, made dangerous night trips over snow-covered mountain roads.

£600,000,000 Shopping Basket

I SAW FOR MYSELF: Third of a series of articles devoted to a trained observer's tour behind the scenes of Britain's war effort : **By MAURICE FAGENCE**

Mussolini Sees the Writing on the Wall

★ A foreign correspondent, who has recently returned to Britain from the Mediterranean with first-hand knowledge of what is happening in Italy, says that trouble is brewing for Mussolini

THE totalitarian wall built up by Mussolini has started to crack. It is only a crack, not yet a crack-up, but it is enough to alarm the Duce.

The long-suppressed voice of rebel Italy is at last being heard in the streets and cafés of Rome; in the much bomb-blasted munitions areas of Milan and Turin and shipyards of Genoa; in far-south Sicily, severely suffering from the blockade; in eastern Brindisi and Bari, bombed by the R.A.F.'s Middle East Command.

Everywhere words of flagrant disbelief are being written for Mussolini to read.

You see them on garden walls and hoardings in Rome, scrawled in chalk or tar during the night.

Words on walls are hard to censor.

"This is Germany's War" is a slogan that nobody wants to remove.

By cheerless firesides (coal is more than scarce) Romans defiantly listen to the B.B.C.'s broadcasts.

* * *

But it is not the voice of London that is giving these Italians shocks as much as the bewildering voice of Radio Rome.

"When Mr. Cunningham, Admiral of the British Fleet, decides to bring his ships out of Alexandria he will find he can no longer escape from our Fleet," says the Rome announcer.

This was just *after* "Mr. Cunningham's" attack on Taranto.

When he decided to sail into Italian waters again for his action off Sardinia, that is what the loud-speakers said:

"The British were trying to sail the seas, of which they think they are the masters. But the Italian Fleet, appearing from goodness only knows what depths, attacked them violently and daringly.

"How they fled, these children of Neptune."

These official words of Radio Rome show to what depths Mussolini's announcers are having to descend to deal with the Italian people, who never wanted this war, and believe their country has been conscripted by its trusted Duce to fight "Germany's war."

If something has not gone wrong with the Axis, it is difficult to understand why the Italian people have been told that as soon as Italy voluntarily intervened in the war she was allotted some difficult objectives, deserving of reward.

A frank admission in the controlled *Popolo di Roma* said:

"Whoever is not satisfied with the indications of the Italian High Command communiqués only need look at the laughing and contented faces of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini to know that everything is moving according to their wishes and plans."

No wonder many of the 13,000,000 members of the Fascist Party, men, women and children, are dissentients; and how much more so the 31,000,000 persons outside the Party!

Colossal taxation, low wages, rising prices, food shortage, conscription of young soldiers have hit family life.

And the family unit is of colossal importance in Italy, where there is passionate devotion to the family.

Home life is the hub of everything.

This is not only religious, but also economic.

As often as not the family works together.

A large proportion of the farms are smallholdings, one-family affairs.

Now home life is destroyed.

Sons and young husbands have been conscripted.

Older folk and wives are left to carry on. Life is indeed hard.

* * *

Such is Hitler's "New Order" in Italy.

I have felt hungry even after a standardised main meal in Rome restaurants, though it looked generous enough on paper.

Meat dishes are limited to four ounces on three days a week.

Fish and eggs are frequently unobtainable.

Pastries are more often "off" than "on."

Spaghetti is severely rationed to two pounds a month.

Coffee is largely reserved for the army and for hospitals.

Much of the bread is an adulteration of corn, rice and maize flour.

Sugar is a luxury.

Food prices are soaring.

Petrol is so scarce that most private cars have disappeared from the streets.

For every five tons of imports before the war only one ton is now entering Italy.

Coal is obtainable only in famine quantities.

* * *

Italian friends do not love me as an Englishman. But they love Germans still less, and make no bones about it.

Intelligent people of all classes know their country is being used as Hitler's tool, that Mussolini is merely his *Gauleiter* in Italy.

There is among others an "inferiority complex," which the more arrogant Germans in Italy never cease to exploit.

Since the retreats in Greece and Egypt the old joke, originally made in Germany, about the Italian car that does ten miles per hour in top gear and eighty in reverse has been heard again in Rome cafés where Germans meet.

It is more than a symptom that rebel Italians are not "slinking into silence" when such taunts are heard.

They are wisecracking back.

I STOOD just inside the door of the biggest business the world has ever known—the Ministry of Food.

It buys in world markets, then passes on to you more than 95 per cent. of the food you eat, a matter of £600,000,000 worth every year.

And that, as you will learn in a moment, represents about a quarter of the work it has to do.

Lord Woolton, shopkeeper-in-chief of this mammoth concern, rushed past me as I waited, gluing a rather horsey bowler hat on his head as he made for the door, and bestowing nods and smiles all round.

"He's going to lunch," said an official. "He'll take no longer than twenty minutes. Nobody can say that he's doing himself well."

Two Kitchen Front experts dashed by.

I thought I could detect the aroma of the economy dishes they tell us to eat.

"First, I think, I will inspect the kitchens," I said to the men who were to show me round.

The kitchens?

Not a Gas-Ring!

I have never seen dismay sweep over men's faces in such full tide.

If the kitchens had been full of dirty dishes—those men couldn't have looked at each other more helplessly.

"We haven't got such a thing as a kitchen," one of them gulped. "We haven't got such a thing as a gas-stove even in any part of the country. Not even a gas-ring or a saucepan. We've never felt it necessary."

First they showed me a human dynamo.

He gets food and drink to bombed cities as fast as wheels can carry them.

I heard him in the act of doing it.

"I want the biggest milk-tankers using the roads," he boomed into the telephone.

"I shan't ask you for a particular number, because I want every one you can get. And you're not to be put off by any refusals. They're to be filled to the brim and on the road within an hour."

No Nonsense

Then, into another telephone:

"Get the food into the hands of the people who want it NOW. No, don't bother about any rationing nonsense. We'll think about rationing when the town's normal again. And get that bully-beef hoard opened up AT ONCE."

I saw other human dynamos, of course.

There are the men of the various purchasing departments.

They are in touch with the Ministry's agents all over the world, and they will buy up a month's supply of wheat as lightly as you would buy a collar-stud.

They bought 100,000,000 bushels from Canada with one sweep of the pen recently—a world's record deal in any foodstuff.

They just forgot it, and went on ordering sugar from Australia (no mistake: it is a big new source), meat from New Zealand, and so on.

But the task of these Food Ministry experts is a bigger thing than buying food in immense quantities and lowering it into the safety of old coal-mines, which is the popular idea of how a nation's war time housekeeping should be done.

Lord Woolton, head of the world's greatest shop, talked to the Queen as she warmed her hands at a communal feeding centre stove. He takes twenty minutes for lunch

The real task is to buy so steadily and warily that prices don't rise against yourself, to buy in such countries that no undue strain is put on your mercantile marine resources, and then to exercise such control that prices do not sky-rocket and distribution is fair to every member of the community.

Read those words again and you will realise why food rationing is necessary in this country.

Price Control

Also, there is the necessity of ensuring that the long purse doesn't triumph over the slender one.

Because it is so necessary to protect the poorest, the Ministry has a department that grants subsidies on certain absolute essentials.

Wheat is sold to the miller at less than cost to enable him to keep his bread at pre-war prices. There is a subsidy on home-killed meat. Another on bacon.

Altogether the Ministry sells these subsidised foods at £70,000,000 a year less than it pays for them, which makes it beneficent as well as gigantic.

It spends another £12,000,000 a year under the National Milk Scheme, which supplies free or cheap milk to children and nursing mothers.

Biggest job of all of the world's biggest business lies in the provinces.

Rationing is controlled from more than 1,500 offices throughout the country.

The machinery was designed as far back as 1936 and is certainly a miracle of design—even though it does creak occasionally.

Then the communal feeding and the educational activities of the Ministry are growing every day.

This is my Recipe!

But . . . no kitchens!

Not a gas-ring, not a saucepan.

As I walked round the huge offices a piece of paper was burning a hole in my pocket.

It was a recipe of my own invention—all my own work.

I had so hoped that they would try it out in their own kitchens, and blazen my idea to the nation as a real war-winner.

Nevertheless, I mentioned it.

"An idea for using up stale slices of bread," I said modestly. "You just soak them in a strong solution of meat extract and then drop them in the frying-pan."

"We'll have it tried," said an official, picking up the telephone forthwith.

So the biggest business in the world has got busy with my stale-bread idea.

..., head of the world's ... talked to the Queen ...ned her hands at a ...eding centre stove. He ...y minutes for lunch

...is to buy so steadily and ...s don't rise against your. ... such countries that no ... put on your mercantile ...s, and then to exercise ... prices do not sky-rocket ... is fair to every member ...ty.

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THE AXIS WOBBLES

By A. G. GARDINER

I FOUND myself a few days ago in the midst of a group of experts engaged in various departments of the war machine—political, economic, industrial, naval, military.

The conversation was frank, free and devastating.

As I listened I seemed to see the whole structure of our war policy being taken to pieces bit by bit, and found wanting.

And as with our policy, so with the men responsible for it. Few of them escaped the dock on one count or another.

"But if this is all true," interposed one who had hitherto been silent, "you mean that our chances of victory are forlorn."

"GOOD LORD! NO. OUR CHANCES OF VICTORY ARE SO GREAT THAT THEY APPROACH CERTAINTY," REPLIED ONE WHO HAD BEEN THE MOST FORMIDABLE CRITIC.

He went on: War is always a gamble. Its process is trial by error. Every great struggle in history is a record of blunders, follies, miscalculations on both sides. It is the side that makes the fewest major blunders that wins.

Take Napoleon. He was a man of genius, not a criminal lunatic like Hitler; but he was defeated by his own colossal blunders.

Turn to Hitler.

His whole conspiracy was based on the belief that he could carry Europe by storm in one tornado of terror.

IT WAS HIS FIRST BLUNDER—PERHAPS THE MOST DECISIVE BLUNDER IN HISTORY.

Up to the end of June it seemed that he might be right. He had all the cards. He had had years in which he had been allowed to lay the mine that was to blow Europe up without challenge, and when he struck the momentum of his blows overwhelmed and stunned the world.

From the first tiger spring at Norway to the astounding collapse of France his programme went with the absoluteness of Fate. He was entitled to think, as he did, that the war was won.

BUT it wasn't. And the fact that it wasn't was due to his second capital bloomer.

He thought that Ribbentrop had sized up England as accurately as he had sized up France.

He thought that our political system was as corrupt as the French, that we were eaten up with pacifism and prosperity, that the shock of the French surrender would paralyse us and that the invasion of England could be effected before we had time to recover our feet.

And at this point history will credit him with another fatal blunder.

AFTER DUNKIRK HE TOOK THE WRONG TURNING. IF HE HAD STRUCK AT ENGLAND AT THAT MOMENT HE MIGHT HAVE HAD A CHANCE OF A LANDING WHILE OUR ARMY WAS DISARMED AND IN CONFUSION.

But he turned on France, which he could have knocked out at his leisure, and gave us a priceless six weeks in which to rearm, reorganise and catch the inspiration of a great leader.

Then, when he struck, another major miscalculation was revealed. He knew that our sea power was beyond challenge on the sea, but Goering had convinced him that he had built up such a dominion in the air that he could command both the sea and the air.

And he discovered that he could do neither.

The Battle of Britain from August 8 to September 16, one of the decisive battles of the world, showed two things.

It showed that sea power had not been made obsolete by air power. And it showed, to our astonishment as much as that of Hitler, that we had an air force that could, in a straight fight, overwhelm, scatter and destroy the most formidable hosts that Goering could send against us.

NOW, the sum total of all these major blunders is that Hitler's *blitzkrieg* has blown itself out, and that he is faced with a kind of war which he did not expect, and which, I believe, he cannot win.

HIS CHIEF WEAPON, TERROR, HAS DONE ITS WORST AND FAILED. HIS SECOND WEAPON, PROPAGANDA, IS PLAYED OUT. ALL THE WORLD KNOWS HIM NOW FOR A ROGUE, AN ASSASSIN AND A LIAR, AND DISCOUNTS HIM AND HIS UNSPEAKABLE GOEBBELS.

You can measure his growing anxiety by the frenzied twists and turns by which he tries to adjust himself to the kind of war on which he had not reckoned, and which his blunders have brought him to.

In this war the shadow of America looms ominously on his horizon.

His lightning war took no account of America. It would be ove before America could take sides or do anything that mattered.

But when his defeat in the Battle of Britain changed the whole character of the struggle he became furiously alive to the importance of merica.

On the one hand, he inveigled Japan into the Axis with the object of keeping America too worried about the Pacific to give help to us in the Atlantic.

On the other, he sought to rope France and Spain into his precious New Order, so that he could present America with an apparently solid European front under his leadership prepared to negotiate terms that would buy off American support to Britain.

But both Pétain and Franco were wary. They knew, too, that the Battle of Britain had changed the odds.

Hitler tried bullying. He ordered the evacuation of 150,000 French from Lorraine. Then he tried bargaining by playing off France against Italy.

Next, on the principle of any port in a storm, he turned for help to Stalin, and the Molotov visit to Berlin was invoked to scare Turkey and ourselves with the threat of a plunge to the Dardanelles, with Russia as a consenting party.

IN ALL THESE FEVERISH SCURRYINGS TO AND FRO AND HIDS FOR SUPPORT, HITLER REVEALS HIS PANIC. HE IS A WILD BEAST IN A CAGE—NO LESS A CAGE BECAUSE IT IS NEARLY AS BIG AS EUROPE.

It is all the more a cage since heroic Greece has pricked the Mussolini bubble and the British Fleet rides unchallenged in the Mediterranean.

And from inside the cage you may catch the murmurs of the oppressed peoples that envelope the tyrant—from Norway, from France, even from Denmark. All are awaiting the hour of deliverance. All are inspired to new hope by the glorious example of Greece.

And that brings me to the greatest of all Hitler's mistakes. He believed, as Mussolini believed, that democracy was a creed outworn and could not fight.

He believed, and said, that men were a mob of sheep, were robots dancing to the tyrant's tune, just as Mussolini boasted long ago that he had "trampled on the decaying corpse of the Goddess of Liberty."

That illusion, too, was shattered at the Straits of Dover, and is being shattered no less effectively in the mountains of Albania and in Egypt to-day. Dictators, with their uncontrolled power, can organise wars and start wars, for war is their sole *raison d'etre*. They can even win for a time.

But it is only democracies, aflame with the spirit of freedom, that can endure to the end, can stand "bloody but unbowed" before the savageries that nightly visit our great cities.

AND IN THE LONG RUN IT IS ONLY DEMOCRACIES, WITH THE FREE PLAY OF IDEAS, WITH THE LIBERTY OF DISCUSSION AND CRITICISM, WITH THE RIGHT IN THE LAST RESORT TO CHANGE STRATEGY AND MEN, THAT CAN WAGE WAR SUCCESSFULLY.

When Hitler makes a major blunder there is no power to check him or overthrow him.

When Mussolini flounders from catastrophe to catastrophe, there is no free Press to warn him, no public opinion to control him.

Only outright defeat can bring the dictator down. And when he falls his country falls with him.

But see how democracy works.

When it was seen that Neville Chamberlain had failed as a war minister he was superseded in a day, by one debate in the House of Commons, and with sure instinct and by universal consent his place was taken by the one man supremely fitted for the task.

DEMOCRACY IS A BAD STARTER IN WAR, I AGREE. BUT IN THE LONG DISTANCE RACE IT IS A SURE WINNER. IT WON IN THE LAST WAR. IT WILL WIN IN THIS. AND THAT BECAUSE ALL THE BEST THOUGHT OF THE NATION IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY IN THE STRUGGLE.

No, our chances are not forlorn. They approximate to a certainty while the dictators pass from blunder to blunder and we are free to pool our minds as we are doing now.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

GANGS DEFY BOMBERS

TIN-HATTED gangsters, working in the black-out under cover of air-raids, are systematically combing warehouses for booty that is easily sold through underworld fences.

With enemy bombers overhead and guns hurling shells into the sky, few persons are likely to take much notice of the slippered men in the tin hats who arrive in an official-looking van, enter a warehouse, remove several large cases and then go on their way.

These black-out robbers are escaping with vast hauls of food, tobacco, furs and other materials that can be sold without causing suspicion.

New Organisations

Before the war you heard of them as smash-and-grab bandits and warehouse thieves.

Their friends, the fences, no longer handle jewellery and the small change of the gangster's booty. Instead, they have created efficient organisations for disposing of cigarettes and food.

They have opened their own businesses. They now handle stolen cigarettes and food with such dexterity that it is estimated that they have shared £20,000 among their robber gangs in London alone during the last few weeks.

Provincial fences are not far behind their Metropolitan counterparts, and their organisations, running fluidly on the money they are making, have assumed disturbing proportions.

Scotland Yard is making a determined effort to prevent these daring air-raid felons from continuing their depredations, but it is not easy to swoop on gangs that work by night in the midst of air-raids.

Carreras, famed tobacco manufacturers of London's Camden Town lost about £1,700 a short time ago when a gang stole 500,000 cigarettes loaded in wooden crates.

In eight hauls during recent raids on London the gangs are said to have stolen cigarettes, cigars and tobacco worth five thousand pounds.

Apart from London, large-scale robberies have taken place during air-raids or in black-out hours in Hove, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, Coventry and Liverpool. Two successful looting parties were staged on consecutive nights at Southampton, and the gangs organised a very daring escape after ransacking a South Coast warehouse.

Furniture as Camouflage

They loaded thousands of pounds worth of goods into a furniture van while bombs were falling on the city. When the van was driven away, all manner of domestic pieces, such as old chairs, mangles, wash-tubs and the like were roped to the back as camouflage.

It seemed a genuine removal to the few bewildered persons who saw the van thundering through the deserted streets.

Despite the danger of looting a warehouse when enemy aircraft are overhead, these crooks never leave behind any clues to identity, and carry off and dispose of the loot with such workmanlike efficiency that there is nothing left to help the detectives assigned to the job of catching them.

But gradually the police are managing to piece together some sort of comprehensive picture of the robber bands. It is believed that each of the three or four gangs now working on a national scale consist of about thirty well-tried, daring criminals with black records.

But their methods of working show nothing beyond their uncanny ability to "get away with it."

Head of nearly every gang is a "fence."

Many have opened small shops in outlying suburbs and poor districts of large towns through which they can sell the goods stolen by the gangs without answering too many questions.

Cigarettes and cigars are frequently passed on to cinema and night club proprietors.

I have been told that among the "fences" there is a flashily dressed crook who hides his activities in the back room of a dirty little shop in the East End of London.

Sold at "Cut Prices"

Some of the air-raid loot is sold over the counter by two women employees at "cut prices."

To dispose of the rest of the stuff he has persuaded friends to start a bogus wholesale business. They issue invoices that cover the stocks in hand, and there is no method of rapidly checking up on the authenticity of the documents. They juggle so cleverly with genuine and fake stock that there is no rapid method whereby the police can get sufficient evidence to bring them to book.

By the time full investigation has been made of any invoice, the business concerned has closed down and the books have been destroyed.

Little shops, stocked with stolen property, open their doors with a flourish, sell out at "cut prices," and then close again.

"Appalling Increases"

Detective Inspector Sullivan, of Liverpool, commenting on the work of the gangs, referred to the "appalling increases" in food thefts.

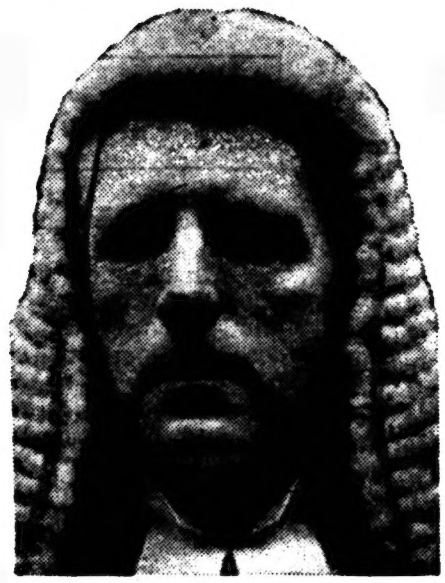
Raids on warehouses during black-out hours have enabled them to escape with hauls worth as much as a thousand pounds.

Profits from these robberies can be gauged by the bribe of £100 offered to a carter if he would only leave his provision van in a quiet spot long enough for the gang to ransack it.

Meantime, "fences" have no difficulty in disposing of stolen food.

Many persons are so eager to live beyond their rations that they don't question the origin of food offered to them on the sly.

Their greed fosters this black-out crime.



MR. JUSTICE OLIVER
passing a recent sentence at Birmingham Assizes, said: "In these days of national emergency looting is the most abominable, most dangerous and meanest offence anyone could commit"

They Run War Rackets

MANY people in a small way of business, doing badly through the war, are naturally anxious to sell out. They should steer clear of so-called "Financial Agents," who lead them to believe that they can introduce clients seeking genuine businesses at the best possible prices.

These gentry really only want to impose upon the credulity of war victims by seeking preliminary "survey fees."

One of my readers paid £3 3s. to a provincial firm and received nothing for it at all. Unfortunately, I have a large file of similar complaints about this cruel racket.

* * *

A WORD of serious warning must again be given to men and women who, anxious for work, are willing to take up shares, or part with money as a "sign of good faith," in worthless propositions of a type that are being advertised extensively at present.

I have received many sad complaints in the last few weeks of people who, as a last straw, have handed over every penny they possess for jobs that soon proved to be mythical, and I am delighted that in one case at least the police are on the point of pouncing on a rogue who has turned the fleecing of out-of-work people into a war time speciality.

Always make enquiries, either through a solicitor or a bank, as to the financial position and stability of any employment-with-investment promoter.

* * *

THE photographic enlargement racket is again in full swing. Men, acting either on their own initiative or in collusion with others, are going about the country persuading mothers and wives of Service-men to give them photographs of their dear ones for enlargement in colour.

"Complete in a nice gilt frame," said one to a Chiswick reader, "and produced with masterly effect in colours that will never fade, all for a guinea, post free."

Misguided by the salesman's impressive talk, the woman paid over her guinea, but has heard nothing more—for the simple reason that the man who called upon her was an impostor.

If touring enlargement salesmen call upon you, ask how long their firm has been in business, and don't hand over either money or photograph until you have satisfied yourself that you are dealing with a genuine and well-established concern.

* * *

"BLACK Out Eye Strain" is the heading, in large type, on a circular issued by "Sydney T. H. Palmer, London's Consulting Ophthalmic Optician."

He hails from Chelmsford, and tours the country in a car accompanied by a young woman to give the benefit of his great optical knowledge to poor eye sufferers.

Have nothing to do with him if he calls upon you.

He is unregistered and is not recognised by any official body.

Just another of those impudent quacks who ought to be ordered off the road!

GIVE THEM THE BOOT!

HOUSEWIVES should be on their guard against a new set of crooks who, representing themselves to be ex-Servicemen, or soldiers already invalided from service in the present war, call to ask whether there are any boots and shoes for repair.

Producing a card which bears the name and address of a firm supposed to have opened up in the locality, they only take good footwear away that can be sold quickly at good prices in market places and second-hand shops.

The housewives never set eyes on them again once they have fallen for their plausible tales, for, just as soon as each area has been "worked," the boots and shoes are disposed of, and a fresh district selected.

One man is known to be making as much as £30 a week from this racket—for nowadays good second-hand boots and shoes can fetch an average of ten shillings or so if properly handled by his salesmen.

Recently, too, many burglaries have occurred, especially in the Home Counties, where the chief articles stolen have been boots and shoes!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. ARTHUR WALKER, Malden Road, Witham, Essex, receives this week's Guinea. He supplied me with some interesting facts about several scandals.

Address your letters to me at 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

NAZIS LIVE BY FRAUD

● WILLI FRISCHAUER, the anti-Nazi Austrian journalist, employs his knowledge of German affairs to reveal how the Reich is carrying on even though supposedly bankrupt

MILLIONS of people want to know how Germany manages to finance her war effort when it is generally acknowledged that she is bankrupt—technically speaking.

Sir William Davison, Conservative M.P. for Kensington, raised the point in the Commons.

Could the Government explain, he wondered.

Britain was spending more than nine millions a day; how could Germany, a country without money, stand the strain of "paying out" twice that much?

Sir Kingsley Wood did his best.

Various Forms of Plunder

"Germany is financing her war expenditure by taxation, internal borrowing and various forms of plunder in the way of cash and goods of captured countries—many of which have a strong inflatory effect," he said.

And it was then suggested that the problem should be explained in a Government White Paper.

Such a White Paper would reveal the greatest fraud of modern times. It would expose the activities of the man who makes it possible for Hitler to wage war.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Nazi Reichsbank, is the greatest living financial charlatan.

Radicals demanded the dismissal of Schacht from the *Reichsbank* when Nazis took over the control of the Government.

But Goering saw to it that he did not go. Hitler confirmed that the *Reichsbank* doctor was the only man in the country who understood the German financial system.

He invented it when Germany was faced with the effects of the economic world crisis long before Hitler came to power.

The Nazis adopted his system, and for their benefit Schacht developed it to finance Hitler's "rearmament for revenge."

It is a system based on fraud, supported by force and propaganda, devised with cunning, and maintained by blackmail, terror, plunder.

I cannot attempt to analyse it in a few hundred words.

I can give a few examples of the methods which Schacht employs.

They will explain why Germany has not collapsed, and they will prove that the gigantic swindle, about to be exposed, must soon be acknowledged a failure

An American, travelling in Germany, ran out of the mark notes that he had bought in New York.

When he tried to change some of his dollars, a Berlin bank charged him twice the price he had paid at home.

He was caught in the tricky device by which Schacht has created a dozen of different mark values.

There are Sperr-Mark (blocked marks), Register Marks, marks for foreigners, marks for occupied countries, marks valid only in Germany, marks valid only abroad, marks for payment of imports, and marks for financing exports.

Everybody soon realises that the scheme always works out to the advantage of the Nazi Exchequer. It robs Germans and foreigners alike.

Plain robbery is used quite frequently.

Jews were the first victims of this particular line of Nazi finance. They were robbed of everything.

Milking the Jews

After every local Nazi leader had more diamond rings on his fingers than he could easily explain away to his friends without admitting that they were stolen from a Jew, enough Jewish property remained for the Exchequer to get Hitler over the initial financial difficulties of his rule.

A so-called fine imposed on German Jews in 1938 still yielded a milliard marks

Foreigners were next on Schacht's list.

One American film company, with German assets of millions of dollars, was forbidden to export money from Germany.

It was even prevented from investing it in Germany.

Thousands of other foreign firms found their German investments frozen.

Schacht simply stole them.

He even blackmailed some foreigners into continuing investing in Germany. It was the only way by which they could hope to get their initial investment back.

Schacht cheated other countries.

For imports of Hungarian wheat and foodstuffs, he promised "industrial products" in payment.

Industrial products turned out to be vast quantities of cameras and mouth-organs.

Trading by Force

In the words of a Hungarian statesman:—

"When we protested that we did not want cameras and mouth-organs we were told that Germany had nothing else available with which to pay. So, not to lose everything, we accepted the deliveries. When virtually every Hungarian had a camera and a mouth-organ, we refused to continue trading with Germany. Then Hitler threatened to take by force what we refused to give up voluntarily."

That is Schacht's method of trading.

Schacht took gold from Austria, industrial products from Czechoslovakia, eggs and pigs from Denmark.

He organised plundering on a grand scale.

He still pretends to pay for the goods he is stripping from France. But he has fixed the rate of exchange of the mark in relation to the franc so high that Franco-German commercial agreements are mere highway robbery.

Yet this is not enough to raise the fantastic amounts that Germany needs to carry on the war.

That is why, time after time, Schacht invents a new ramp—he always finds

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Nazi Reichsbank, is the greatest living financial charlatan.

credulous people to support him—such as "an appeal to send foodstuffs to the starving countries under his yoke."

It is just another fraud to obtain something for nothing.

American agents persuade Americans to send dollars to their friends and relatives in Germany.

Schacht pockets the dollars and pays out inflated marks in Germany.

The dollars go to a fund for the financing of Nazi propaganda in the United States.

The German people have been stripped of all earthly possessions in eight years.

For eight years they have lived by stringent war economy. They have tightened their belts, worked long hours for small wages.

Luxuries Denied

Every luxury has been denied to all but Nazi bigwigs, so that savings could be transformed into armaments and stores of raw materials and foodstuffs.

For years Germans have lived on a standard that would seem unbearable to the average Englishman to supply the Nazi war machine with bombs and torpedoes.

Taxation in Germany has almost turned into expropriation.

Only Hitler's favourites escape while the masses pay.

As even German willingness to sacrifice for glory has its limits, Schacht has invented a few more subterfuges by which to extract money.

Schacht is printing mark notes as fast as his presses can turn them out.

They are absolutely valueless.

German property is near exhaustion.

Hitler's foreign dupes are getting wise to the swindle methods of Dr. Schacht, and the day will come when no further treachery will stave off the inevitable collapse of Germany.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

DIRTY HANDS ARE CLEAN

DIRTY hands have a place of honour in what remains of our so-called social scale.

Those hands spell an honourable class distinction, if such a thing exists in the life of a nation on whose efforts rests the destiny of mankind.

The distinction is noble.

Dirty hands are tending machines that fashion engines and tanks and guns and shells.

Dirty hands, alive with cunning and craftsmanship, are creating ships so sorely needed in the titanic struggle of the seas.

* * *

Dirty hands are scratching coal in mines, nursing the rich earth for food, unloading oil at the docks, feeding hungry blast-furnaces and moulding white-hot ingots of steel.

Dirty hands are overhauling the engines of R.A.F. fighters and bombers, are guiding merchant ships over perilous seas, are driving vital goods trains.

Now, more than ever, the grime of labour reflects dignity and pride.

That's why, when I read in the journal of the Transport and General Workers' Union of bombed-out workers being "treated like beggars," I pay to-day my tribute to the man and woman with dirty hands.

Commenting on reports that workers who have lost every stick and stitch they possess have been treated like beggars for alms instead of victims of a terrifying experience, the journal asks:

"Is it because they wear caps and their hands are grimed with toil, and because they have not the right accent?

"Though area assistance boards have the power, irrespective of income, to make immediate cash advances for furniture and clothing, it seems that unless the applicant knows this and is persistent he is referred to a charity organisation or fobbed off with the payment of a few pounds, which is worse than useless."

These reports, if true, are the sort of thing that makes me despair sometimes of the whole framework of democracy as we know it.

True, democracy is not to blame for the snobbery and stupidity of petty-minded bureaucrats who wield authority not as a sympathetic wand but as a bitter lash.

The men who toil night and day for Britain are bigger than all the bureaucrats who ever sat on an office stool.

The British worker to-day stands firm and true in a changing world of terror and uncertainty.

He is honoured above all men not only as the symbol of a mighty nation, but as the torch-bearer of light and liberty.

He carries the greater part of the war effort on willing shoulders.

* * *

He toils—a volunteer, not a conscript—through raid and black-out, so that our fighters, our bombers, our guns, our warships, our merchant navy can defend us and feed us—and eventually free us from the shadow of Hitler's tyranny.

Never did the prestige of the British worker stand so high. Never in its long history of militant progress has trades unionism shown such inspiring strength.

Dirty hands are clean hands.

They are cleansed in the waters of endeavour and sacrifice.

They are the hands that are winning the war for us. And one day posterity will praise them as they should be honoured now.

Have you entered for

FITTING PHRASES FREE COMPETITION!

£60 CASH must be won!

Turn Now to

Pages 16—18—20

WHY *we* RULE *the* WAVES

Their forefathers built small wooden war-vessels to answer the prayer of village pastors: "From the fury of the Norsemen, Good God deliver us"

★ *Despite all the piratical cunning with which our enemies employ surface raiders, submarines and mines, Britain will continue to rule the seas, for naval skill is her heritage*

By HARRY GREGSON

WE Britons are proud of our Navy.

We do not boast about it.

We accept our superiority as so axiomatic that when we sink a German pocket battleship we merely shrug our shoulders and say: "Well, what did anyone expect?"

Continental dictators have never understood the sea; they do not understand the British Navy.

Experience in shipbuilding, gunnery, tactics and navigation make the British Navy a fighting force with the longest and most successful tradition of any scientific arm of warfare now in existence in any country.

Look at the men who build that most wonderful achievement of mankind—a 30,000-ton battleship.

There is nothing ostentatious about them.

They are clad in blue, brown or grey overalls, they do not earn high wages, they like to roll a cigarette in a quiet minute between shifts, they drink large quantities of tea and in appearance are just like any Tom, Dick or Harry.

But these are craftsmen.

Their families have been shipbuilding for centuries.

Their forefathers built small wooden war-vessels to answer the prayer of village pastors: "*Fro : the fury of the Norsemen, Good God deliver us.*"

They are descended from men who built the ships that have sailed through centuries of bitter sea warfare.

They have shipbuilding in their blood.

In the dockyards you have coppersmiths who can turn out burnished copper steam tubes to the most scientific design.

Riveters who can tell by appearance and feel when a rivet is "roasted."

These men cut steel plates with oxy-acetylene burners as their predecessors shaped the timbers of the *Victory* with saws.

There are armourers to whom the installation of a 200-ton monster gun, which takes three years to build, means no more than the mounting of a 25-pounder muzzle-loader was to their grandfathers.

A German foreman with half the knowledge of a British shipyard foreman would don a gaudy uniform and demand that he be addressed as "*Herr Schiffsbaumeister*" (Mr. Master Shipbuilder).

I shall never forget the surprise of a German guest during the trials of some British record-breaking engines when he found out that the modest individual in workaday jacket and uncreased trousers, whom he had ignored until then, was the designer of the engines.

Japanese students study British textbooks on warship design until they are myopic, and get all sorts of new "ideas."

When they try to put them into practice in their own shipyards they frequently come to grief.

More than one overgunned Japanese warship has capsized on leaving the stocks.

Admiral Raeder, Nazi "Yes-man," who took part in the bombardment of Hartlepool in the last war, gave the order for the slaughter at Almeria, has been sunk twice by the British Navy, and started a new era in piracy with the laying of magnetic mines, thought he had the answer to Britain's sea supremacy.

At his glass-topped desk in Berlin's Tirpitz-Ufer, where the German Admiralty has its headquarters, he gloated over plans for pocket-battleships which "could run away from more powerful ships and destroy any ship which came up with them."

BRITISH gun designers did not believe that 11-inch guns could be installed in a warship of 11,000 tons without sacrificing armament or speed.

We have worked out these problems over centuries, not on draughtsmen's boards, but in the stormy waters of the oceans.

The River Plate Battle proved us right.

The armour of the *Graf Spee* was no proof against the courage and smaller-calibre guns of *Ajax* and her consorts.

Mussolini boasted of the fastest destroyers and cruisers in the world, and among the reasons why the Italian Navy won't fight is that armour has been sacrificed for speed.

Some foreign navies saw a way to beat the British Fleet in installing only electrically-controlled ammunition hoists. They said it meant a rate of fire far greater than that of an equivalent British warship.

But we know by experience that a hit on a vital part can smash an electric circuit.

We prefer to add a little extra weight to our warships by making provision for man-handling ammunition as well.

You can put the electric ammunition hauling gear out of action on a British warship, but the ship will carry on firing with the aid of the ratings' muscles.

THE NAVY'S SCROLL OF HONOUR

Sardinia, Taranto, Narvik, River Plate — are among the names gloriously added to the British Navy's scroll of honour during the last twelve months. They prove that the Navy will always win, despite temporary setbacks. As Mr. Winston Churchill said when addressing the House of Commons:

The British Navy is worthy of your confidence, but that confidence should not only apply to days when glittering success may be proclaimed. Those who repose their faith in our sailormen and their leaders will not falter and become distressed if, for three or four days, silence and darkness and dubious news lie over the seas, or come from the seas, that each of them, with confidence and faith, will make it his duty to sustain those who are of lesser faith so that each will have his part in the great drama of human progress now so vividly unfolding.

Then they tried to frighten us with talk of monster guns—18-inchers that would blow anything out of the water.

Well, we have quiet, blue-eyed men working by shaded electric lights in the turrets of our warships who couldn't write books about guns, but they can tell you that this or that type of gun won't do for a warship of a certain tonnage, because they have been fitting guns for forty years and more.

THEY know that the 15-inch gun fitted to the majority of British warships is the most scientifically constructed weapon in the world.

When the *Renown* shudders as her 15-inch guns send nearly six tons of shells across 20,000 yards of water into the Italian Fleet, British designers know there is no other gun in the world combining power of destruction with equal advantages in weight, steadiness, range and accuracy.

The submarine, the torpedo, the destroyer and the dive-bomber were all to spell the doom of British naval supremacy.

Azdic put the submarine in its place, bulges conquered the torpedo, destroyer screens counteracted the destroyer and naval warplanes and "A.A." guns have counteracted the bomber.

A British battleship to-day is almost a floating A.A. battery, with a few 15-inchers standing by to deal with enemy battleships should they be imprudent enough to venture within range.

It was Mussolini who boasted of his "suicide" air squadrons, which were to sweep the British Navy from the Mediterranean.

But it was our "silent service" that quietly turned the tables on Mussolini at Taranto with torpedo-carrying aircraft.

It takes men born and bred to the sea to realise the possibilities of new developments in sea warfare.

And we still give the world a lead in speed of warship construction.

It took the French three years and three months between laying down and launching *Richelieu*.

The Nazis took two years and eight months to launch *Bismarck*.

We beat that record by seven months. Our latest battleship, *King George*, laid down on January 1, 1937, was launched just over two years and one month later.

FOREIGN navies, envying Britain's successful record, cry for bigger and bigger ships.

We try for more scientific ships.

The winter weather, which makes Britain an uncomfortable country for a part of the year, has been one of the factors in making the British Navy.

Because our waters were so stormy, we never depended on galley-slaves to push our war vessels along.

We had to learn about sails, and we knew more about seaworthiness, rigging and navigation in our few early ships than did the seamen of the great Genoese, French, Venetian and Spanish fleets, accustomed to the generally peaceful waters of the Mediterranean.

Inherited skill, tradition and courage make the British Navy what it is.

You cannot learn these things from textbooks.

Dictators cannot coerce, cajole or inspire them into their dragooned subjects.

That is why Britain rules the waves.

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

WILL "LOCAL GOVERNMENT" SURVIVE?

● Like many things, the present municipal system, with its complication of local authorities, small and great, has been submitted to the test of the all-shattering Blitz.

It will undoubtedly undergo great changes after hostilities cease.

It was meant for the leisurely days of peace. War found a few boroughs efficient; many woefully lax and stupid—unable to cope with the emergency.

Half a dozen London boroughs at the most, I am assured, showed preparedness and zeal.

Others are still in a mess over housing homeless.

This is still a scandal in some areas, metropolitan and provincial.

In one big city, a respected fire chief was summarily changed, when his organisation broke down during a heavy raid.

Even Control Officers, appointed for the war, have been sacked.

One grave defect discovered has been the rivalry, even hostility, existing between adjoining towns, which should be merged under one authority during a war—and even in peace.

The regional planning of the future needs regional authorities with wide powers and increasing control.

While danger of raids persists, nothing should be left for decision of a council's "next meeting."

DOES WAR INSPIRE ART?

● It has done in the past, but this time we have had no all-popular song, no poem that can be remembered, no war novel of note, no play, no painting, no anything.

Even the most famous cartoonists have declined.

Churchill has emerged as our only orator, twenty times as eloquent, in the simpleness of his phrasing, as he was before.

So far, only one great work of art has been produced during the world struggle—and that was planned several years ago.

I mean "The Great Dictator," in which Charlie Chaplin, a Cockney mime who was born three days after Hitler, lampoons and burlesques self-glorified "Bossdom," impersonates an oppressed Jew who takes the dictator's place, and ends with an impassioned plea for all to rise and sweep away the iniquity.

When our poets failed—and our dramatists, novelists, painters and "thinkers"—a mere clown has risen to great heights.

HOW IS THE WAR GOING?

● There are two kinds of extremists—the Glooms and the Wishful Thinkers.

The first say "Woe is me" every morning, and see no end to it. The second lot promise, every other day, the speedy end of night bombing, and read into every wild report of "starving Germany" an early Nazi collapse.

While we are suffering grave shipping losses, and while production is down, the hopeful signs are the results of Italy's collapse after her attempt to invade Greece.

Already, the situation in the Balkans is transformed. Already, an advance from Egypt, which was in grave peril a few weeks ago, has begun.

The way the war goes now depends on you—your industry, your saving, your stalwartness.

ARE THERE TOO MANY BRASS HATS?

● A visit to any one of several West End restaurants at lunch-time would surprise you. If you could peep into some of the swagger clubs, the phrase "Whitehall soldier" would become a sneer on your lips.

All sorts of Service people in uniform, utterly untrained for their jobs, have been put into positions that, supposed to deal with news, should be done by journalists, of whom there are many unemployed.

Recently the War Office has put into khaki, at the nation's expense, men who duplicate the work of entertaining troops, now done by E.N.S.A., which is run by theatre experts.

Social "pull" has been used to get "cushy" jobs.

The Old School Tie has been worn successfully.

If you call up the War Office at about ten to one, say, to speak to a brass hat—well, you seldom find him there till half-past two, or even later.

They should be clocked in and out like factory workers.

And half of them should be sacked.

HOW DO "DEFEATISTS" WORK?

● There are two kinds.

A few, still possessing a secret love of Fascism, blather in gilded chambers: "*We can never beat Hitler. We should talk terms.*"

These should be shouted down immediately with the challenge: "*How dare you talk treason?*"

They would hesitate for days before they tried it again.

There is another lot, more numerous, who changed their minds about the war, after proclaiming it a fight for freedom, when Stalin kissed Hitler, his enemy.

They lurk in the tubes and shelters until, seeing a man who wants a smoke in a corner, they follow him and talk about the need for deep shelters, the criminality of the Government, and ask: "Is it going to last for ever?"

A threat of calling the police will usually serve in these instances.

Both kinds of defeatists are virtually guilty of sedition. For any attempt to weaken the public morale is to-day the greatest of all crimes against the nation.

SHOULD SOLDIER M.P.s RESIGN?

● By no means. These are not normal days, when Governments can be turned out on a snap vote, or when discussion of one Bill is followed by consideration of another.

We have now a National Government that would only be changed if there were some great military, naval or air disaster.

After question-time, Ministers make speeches on what their departments have done, and then they are criticised.

Any M.P. who is serving with the Forces can obtain leave, unless he is abroad, if he desires to raise any urgent issue.

It is all-important that Parliament shall include men acquainted with the war in all branches of the Services, so that, if a crisis arose, they should be able to discuss it from experience.

"Absentee M.P.s" are not over-numerous.

Nearly all those away from the House are engaged in work of national importance—learning, incidentally, what, in the future, will be of value to the nation.

SHOULD RAILWAYS BE NATIONALISED NOW?

● Well, it's the only way to make British railways efficient. And nothing could be worse for our war effort than the dead hand of railway bosses who just won't submerge personal interests, no, not even though they're threatened by all that Hitler stands for.

Present inefficiency of the railways is not only a drag on the country's work, but also it is so unfair to the men who do their best to run a service that creaks in every joint.

It's the guards and engine drivers, the firemen and the porters who are criticised by impatient travellers, kicking their feet about a platform trying to keep warm.

They don't realise that these rail workers have to go on through the nightly "blitz," risking death to keep trains running, and knowing full well that if they are killed their tight-fisted, mean-minded bosses will give their widows very meagre compensation.

Before you start ranting at the ticket collector who tells you the train is late again, first realise he's the victim of mismanagement just as much as you are.

You must make up your mind to the fact that co-ordination and State Control of ALL transport is the only way to put a stop to this nonsense.

'Phosferine soon bucks me up'

WRITES MR. A. J. WALKER

"*Phosferine has been my 'pick-up' whenever I have felt below normal. I usually take the tablets, which soon buck me up. As Manager and Secretary of an old established business, together with my work as a local Administrator during the past 15 years, and particularly in these days of war worry, I find I need a tonic—and my tonic is Phosferine.*"

The very first dose of Phosferine starts the famous tonic action. Within 15 minutes you begin to derive benefit.

PHOSFERINE (*Tablets or Liquid*), 1/5, 3/5, 5/8, (*Including Purchase Tax*)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size, you save 2/-

PHOSFERINE

Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anaemia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Irium is the shortest cut to sparkling smiles — and Pepsodent's strong point. It's more thorough in cleansing, it's more brilliant in polishing, more radiant in whitening your teeth. Pepsodent — toothpaste or tooth powder — definitely *will* make a big difference in your smile. Change to Pepsodent and see!

Toothpaste or Tooth Powder 7½d 1/3 and 2/2 (Inclusive of tax.)

IRIUM makes

PEPSODENT

give teeth healthy lustre

19.1-E-B

Try SOUP today the OXO way

By adding one or two OXO cubes to your vegetable water a delicious soup is quickly made full of extra goodness and nourishment. A welcome addition to wartime meals.

STRENGTHENS THE HOME FRONT

Rheumatic Acids

make you liable to

LUMBAGO

—but here is the way to get them out of your system

Lumbago means poison in your muscles—rheumatic acids which need destroying. Miss P. B., writing to us from Reynoldston, Swansea, tells what happens when Fynnon gets at the rheumatic acids. She says:

"*I had lumbago—the pain in my back was excruciating and my life was a burden. I determined to try Fynnon, and bought a large tin. I carried out the instructions to the letter. In two days I felt relief. In four days only a dead pain remained on my right side. In a week all trace of lumbago had disappeared. My grateful thanks!*"

That's the way Fynnon gets rid of lumbago—and rheumatism too! The salts of Lithium, Potassium, Sodium, in Fynnon have put into the hands of sufferers a remedy the like of which has never before been obtainable at so low a price. All the wonderful curative wealth of famous spas in a form costing a few pence at your chemists. Large size tin of Fynnon Salt 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. Inclusive of Purchase Tax.

Fynnon Salt

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Cool alertness brings reward in content when 'All's clear'. Men enjoy these moments with Bondman's restful *coolness* and fragrance. So will you—from the first pipe!

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

IN 1 oz VACUUM TINS

THIS TIN IS VALUABLE

When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to your tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz

EMPIRE BLEND 1/5½ per oz

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondmen Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

1280

It's EASY!!

to be FREE from

STOMACH PAIN

It's EASY to be FREE from Indigestion. Immediately you begin to take MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, you bring the horrid, burning acid under control. Buoyant health and spirits return, your digestion is toned, your system cleansed and your stomach set to rights. Instead of pain there is PEACE. Instead of acidity, flatulence, heartburn—SWEET CLEAN DIGESTION. Instead of nausea at the sight of food—HEARTY APPETITE. Instead of the fear of complications, ulcer, operation—CONFIDENCE of continued stomach health.

YOU can get relief from INDIGESTION FLATULENCE HEARTBURN BILIOUSNESS STOMACH PAIN ACIDITY

AND NOW

Here's YOUR chance

Get a 1/5 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and the money you paid will be refunded in full. But remember, MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine when the signature "Alex C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½ per bottle

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 7d. In Bottles 1/3 and 2/3 including Purchase Tax

PUB-SHOCK

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY by WILL SCOTT

WHEN, at the outbreak of war, the firm decided that Jenkins and his department would be better, from the firm's point of view, somewhere three hundred miles away, and when at the news the face of Jenkins fell, everybody in the department thought they knew why.

"Home-sick; that's what old Jenkins will be," they told each other, nodding. "He's never been anywhere else. Why, we don't think he ever went anywhere for a holiday. Just these sticks and stones and streets; that's all old Jenkins ever wanted. And now he's going to be dumped down three hundred miles from anywhere. Home-sick! We doubt if there ever was a man so home-sick as old Jenkins is going to be."

Which shows you can know a man for years and never know him. Because that was all the department knew about Jenkins.

The night before the move, still with fallen face and many sighs, Jenkins crawled through the black-out to the little back room of the City Sundial.

And there he ordered his customary pint and sat in his customary corner on his customary high stool and looked round the old place and sighed more than ever.

The fern in the pot in the window. The pin-table in the corner. The ash-trays like ends of barrels. The ever-so-high ceiling. The rattle of the trains outside. The picture of St. Paul's from the river over the fireplace.

It wasn't any one thing. It was all of them piled up together. And it had been for fifteen years.

Others might chatter of the charms of the Vulture and the Eight Bells and the Alderman. They couldn't move Jenkins. The Vulture was cold. The Eight Bells was snooty. The Alderman was gloomy. You could keep the lot.

There was only one pub on the face of the earth for Jenkins. The old City Sundial.

"Not feeling too well?" the landlady asked.

"They're moving us," said Jenkins, sadly.

"Moving you?"

"The firm. My department's got to go. Three hundred miles!"

"Dear, oh dear!" said the landlady.

"It's a blow," said Jenkins. "How long we shall be there I don't know. Perhaps for the duration. How I'm going to get along without the old City Sundial I don't know. There can never be another pub for me."

"Perhaps you'll soon be back."

"I don't think there's the slightest chance."

SO Jenkins went to Bellminster and pined for the old City Sundial.

"Home-sick!" said the others who went with him. But Jenkins.

The first night he tried one of the locals. The next night he tried another. The third night he tried a third. He grew sadder and sadder.

But he kept on. And after a fortnight he discovered, quite near the station, the Unicorn.

It wasn't the old City Sundial, of course, but it *reminded* Jenkins of the old City Sundial. It was the same

There on a stall was a framed picture of St. Paul's from the river, just like the one at home over the fireplace of the City Sundial

shape, roughly. And there was the rattle of the trains outside. Also, he found, when he had time to take things in, it had an ever-so-high ceiling.

Yes, it certainly *reminded* you of the City Sundial.

"It will suit me for the time being," Jenkins told himself. "Of course, it isn't the City Sundial, and nothing can make it the City Sundial, but it does *remind* you."

To the landlord he said:

"Reminds me of my favourite pub back home, this place."

"Oh, yes?" said the landlord.

"The City Sundial. I don't know if you know it?"

"Can't say I do," said the landlord.

"Oh, a fine pub," said Jenkins.

He went to the Unicorn again on the following night. In fact, every night. It could never be the City Sundial to him. At least, it was a kind of understudy.

If only one or two things could be done. . . .

"You ought to have a pin-table over in that corner," he suggested later on, when he knew the landlord well enough.

"I have *thought* of it," the landlord admitted. "And now with all these people evacuated here it might bring trade."

"That's what I mean," said Jenkins.

"Ye—es," said the landlord, thinking it over.

And a week later there was a pin-table in the corner, just like there was at the City Sundial.

"Of course," said Jenkins, "if this place were mine, I'd have a fern in a pot in that window. Brighten the place up a bit. I mean, with lots of new customers coming in, because of the war, you've got to try to keep 'em, haven't you?"

"I see what you mean," said the landlord.

And when Jenkins went in on Saturday night there was a fern in a pot in the window. Just like there was at the City Sundial.

It was the best Saturday night Jenkins had spent since he left home.

A WEEK later, walking round the market, he suddenly had the feeling that long ago Stanley had when he found Livingstone in the jungle.

There on a stall was a framed picture of St. Paul's from the river, just like the one at home over the fireplace of the City Sundial.

"How much?"

"Ninepence."

"I'll have it," said Jenkins.

And that night he made a present of it to the landlord of the Unicorn.

"Thought it would brighten the place up a bit, hanging over the fireplace there," he said.

"That's very nice of you," said the landlord. "Very nice indeed."

And over the fireplace went the picture of St. Paul's from the river. Just like the other one at the City Sundial.

So that about all there was wanted now was ashtrays with ends like barrels.

For the next week Jenkins set out early each evening. He took the bus from Bellminster to here, there and the other place. And though in some pubs he had no luck, in others he *had*.

His bag in the end totalled six. Six stolen ashtrays like ends of barrels.

He took them in to the landlord of the Unicorn with a made-up tale.

"A fellow in my digs left them behind," he said. "I don't know why. I thought you might find them useful."

"Rather," said the landlord. "Oh yes, we can always do with ashtrays. Thank you very much."

And out they went on counter and tables and the picture was pretty well complete.

Jenkins used to sit and look at it and feel almost happy.

The fern in the pot in the window. The pin-table in the corner. The ash-trays like ends of barrels. The ever-so-high ceiling. The rattle of the trains outside. The picture of St. Paul's from the river over the fireplace.

It wasn't the old City Sundial. But you could imagine it was. It did *remind* you of it.

"This," said Jenkins one night, "might be my own favourite pub back home. The City Sundial. I don't know if any of you chaps know it."

Captain Charley (as they came to call him) breezed in from nowhere one night. There were six feet of him and he had a moustache like Niagara Falls made of ink.

"Well, as I was saying," said Jenkins. "This——"

"Pint!" said Captain Charley in a kind of megaphone manner.

"As I was saying——"

"Breezy!" said Captain Charley.

"As I——"

"Have a pint," said Captain Charley. "All of you—have a pint."

They all had pints.

"You were saying?" said the landlord to Jenkins.

"I was saying——"

"Not bad beer," said Captain Charley. "That might have been a snag. You take a place for six months, as I've done, and you find the beer's terrible.

"But this beer's not too bad."

"Well, as I was saying——" said Jenkins.

"Your name's not Stimson, by any chance?" Captain Charley shouted.

"Jenkins," said Jenkins. "As I was saying——"

"You don't look unlike what Stimson would look like by now," said Captain Charley. "It's ten years since I saw him."

"Really? Well, as I was saying——"

"Knew him out in British East. Ever been to British East?"

"Never. As I——"

"Great place. I could tell you some things. When I was out in British East . . ."

Jenkins gave it up. He gave it up the next night, as Captain Charley was there. And as Captain Charley was there every night now he gave it up for keeps.

JENKINS got a week-end after some months of Bellminster. He went back home.

He went into the Alderman.

"Hello," said somebody.

"Hello," said Jenkins dismally.

"You're a stranger."

"I've been away."

"Away?"

"Bellminster. Evacuated. The firm moved my department down there as soon as war started. This is the first time I've been back."

"Six months? Why, it's more like eighteen months since I saw you in here."

"Oh yes, I suppose it is," said Jenkins.

"Didn't you always go to the City Sundial?"

"Yes," said Jenkins. "I did. Always. But, somehow, I couldn't, now. Not to-night. It would *remind* me. Just to look at it.

"Remind you?"

"Of Captain Charley. A chap I've met down at Bellminster. The loudest, brassest-faced, braggingest, *most interrupting* devil I've ever met. I couldn't! Not to-night. I'm on holiday. I want to forget. . ."

£60 CASH FREE MUST BE WON for FITTING PHRASES

£20 OFFERED ON THIS PAGE AND— OTHER £20 PRIZES ON PAGES 18 & 20

A

Batchelor's Peas

THE PICK OF THE CROP

Remember, to make sure of 'Batchelor's' is to make sure of the finest Quality and Value.

B

The Cup that Cheers—

Strengthens—and ensures Restorative Sleep

Drink Delicious

OVALTINE

C

Look up and Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the ODOL SMILE! And when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE AND SOLID DENTIFRICE.

D

It protected his grandfather *It protected his father—*

NOW it will protect HIM against infection

Send a box of **WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP**

E

Spotlight on Service

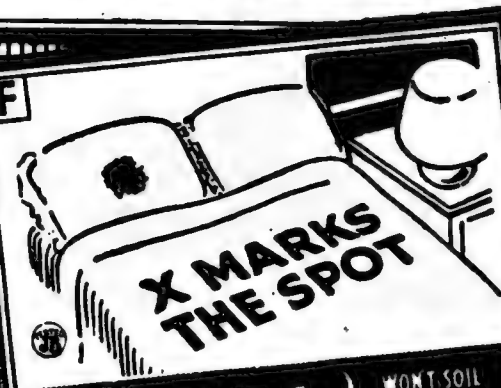
The service which Kolynos renders to the 'Services,' and to you, too—clean sparkling-white teeth.

New Prices including Purchase Tax 7d., 1 8d., 2 3d. per tube.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The most Economical Tooth Paste

F



X MARKS THE SPOT

ANZORA MASTERS THE HAIR

WON'T SOIL HATS OR PILLOWS

G

ALL-IN FLAVOUR

Everyone . . . young and old alike . . . favour the flavour of Wilkinson's Liquorice Allsorts. Their variety, purity and healthy goodness have become household words so remember . . . if you really want the finest, fastest sweets make sure you get

Wilkinson's LIQUORICE ALLSORTS

From all good sweetshops.

How to Win £20— *with this* FREE COUPON

On this page you find seven Advertisements—and on Coupon adjoining are seven Phrases. Which Phrase do you consider best applies to each Advertisement? Each of your TWO FREE ENTRIES for this £20 CONTEST, when completed, will consist of a column of seven letters—the SEVEN KEY LETTERS, A to G, of the Advertisements on this page. Simply insert in INK, in space beside first Phrase on Coupon, the KEY LETTER ONLY of the Advertisement which, in your opinion, most appropriately applies to each phrase; complete this first attempt column by similarly inserting KEY LETTERS against the remaining six Phrases—then have a second FREE ENTRY in the adjoining column. That's all.

A prize of £20 will be awarded for the correct placing in one column of the Seven Key Letters as decided by the Advertisement Director of JOHN BULL. The Prize of £20 MUST be won. In the event of a tie, or ties, the £20 will be equally divided—no competitor may win more than one share of a £20 prize in each Section. There is no Entrance Fee. No Key Letter may be used more than once in one column. No correspondence will be entered into. Carefully study the Advertisements—then send your entries in a sealed envelope (2½d. stamp). To save postage, Double Entry Coupons for each of the three Sections may be sent in the same envelope.

FURTHER £20 CONTESTS ON PAGES 8 20

SAVE POSTAGE—INCLUDE ALL ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE.

CLOSING DATE—WED., JAN. 8, 1941.

The name of Winner or Winners will be announced in "John Bull," on sale Thursday, January 30.

ADDRESS ENTRY: FITTING PHRASES, "JOHN BULL," 67/68, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

FREE

DOUBLE-ENTRY COUPON FOR FITTING PHRASES Section 1.

One entry in each column provided.

	1st Attpt.	2nd Attpt.
You may pay more—you won't do better.		
You can't do better than try it.		
Buy it once and you'll always like it.		
To be so popular it must be good.		
Goes further—lasts longer.		
Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.		
Everybody's Favourite.		

COLUMNS FOR YOUR 2 FREE ENTRIES Section 1.

I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE (SECTION 1.) ..... ADDRESS .....

WRITE CLEARLY—USE INK .....

VOICE of the PEOPLE

OUR local chemist informs me that I shall have to pay 5d. purchase tax on halibut oil tablets, although halibut oil in liquid form is tax-free.

In other words, I am taxed because my child is unable to assimilate the neat oil.

And this is an essential part of the youngster's diet in winter!—Mrs. Horsfall, Huddersfield Road, Oldham, Lancs.

There are many such stupid anomalies. Question of halibut liver oil tablets was raised in the House. Chancellor made the surprising statement that he could make no exception regarding the tablets.

I HAVE been an Army batman for five years, but it hasn't stopped me having my full training at 16-inch and 6-inch naval guns and 4.7 "A.A." guns.

Although my batman's duties are full-time, I still do my stretch at the guns.

For military reasons, I must ask you not to give my full name.—K. M., Royal Artillery, Somewhere in England.

Nevertheless, JOHN BULL agrees with a reader who protests that a good trained soldier cleaning up officers is a good trained soldier wasted. K. M. himself should spend less time doing work that some short-sighted or otherwise handicapped soldier could do; more time at the guns he has been trained to use.

WHEN is the Army announcing the formation of a Crocks' Battalion equipped with motorised bathchairs bearing Bren guns?

An incurable invalid in receipt of full disability pension, I have been ordered to attend a medical board regarding my fitness for service.—A. Weston, ex-Serviceman, Aldren Road, Lower Tooting, London, S.W.17.

We still receive letters from men who say they look fit, feel fit and are fit, yet can't get the chance they want to serve.

AFTER fighting for my country since the outbreak of war, I have been discharged from the Army—at twenty.

Naturally, I want a job, so I went to ——, where Government work is in progress, and spoke to the manager in charge.

Yes, he needed men, and he was quite satisfied I had the qualifications he needed. But he wouldn't take me on.

"You're too young," he said. "A mere lad."

The man who is not too young to fight is not too young for anything.—W. S., Gladstone Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

YOU are quite right in pointing out what a great difference a good "Quarter-bloke" can make to the happiness of his unit.

An experience of my own is a good illustration.

Issued with beetle-crushers two sizes too big, I endured torments till a boot-changing parade was ordered.

Every new pair that was tried on me was always slightly worse than last. In the end I was given those I had handed in, which had blistered my feet, and, when trying to explain that I'd got the old ones back, was pushed off with the comment: "We can't waste time with a man who is always complaining."—Gunner, "Somewhere in Sussex."

At one time in the last war 100,000 first-line men were incapacitated by foot troubles. A "Quarter" who doesn't know the importance of good-fitting boots doesn't know his job.

EVACUATED here from the raids in Birmingham, I thought I would write you a letter and tell you about it.

It is so lovely and quiet here after what I have heard. I am billeted with a coal miner and his family, and they have such big fires in the evening, and they put oven-shelves wrapped in cloth into the bed I share with their little boy to warm it up.

I thought you would be interested to know how happy I am, and what fine people they are here, and I think all little children should leave the big towns, don't you?—Bernard Mewis, aged twelve, c/o 37, Wright Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

In his bold, fat round-hand, Bernard expresses just what we think about evacuation.

BEST compliment I have heard to JOHN BULL came from a French officer I know.

He read through my copy carefully, asked me for details regarding what it did for the Services, and said: *"If France had possessed a paper like that, things might have been different."*—Bombardier A. O. Davis, c/o Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton.

WE BLUSH.

JOINING the Army last April, my fiancé had the misfortune to lose his kitbag (not including his greatcoat) while returning from leave.

I enclose the bill he has been handed and which he must pay at the rate of 1s. a day.

After making the fullest allowance he can to his widowed mother, he has just 1s. a day for himself, which means that he is left without pay of any sort—not even the coppers to post a letter.

Not only do I consider this bill grossly overcharged: it does not take into account the circumstances under which the kitbag was lost. What is more, the authorities couldn't have made things any harder for him, for they take his all.—Nurse N. Pilgrim, Brookwood Hospital, Knaphill, near Woking, Surrey.

The bill is for the staggering sum of £7 4s. 9d., includes £1 2s. 6d. for boots, 2s. 1d. for bootbrush, 2s. 9d. for clothes-brush, 1s. 2d. for lather brush, 6s. 9d. for pullover. We intend to send this bill to the War Office, and feel sure it will do something about it.

MONTHS ago a Coventry policeman-reader of JOHN BULL wrote you a proud letter about a colleague who had shown great courage during the I.R.A. bomb attacks in Coventry.

The fellow who wrote that letter has now lost his life in a bombing attack on Coventry.

He who wrote about the courage of another himself knew no danger. He had himself rescued a number of people before he was killed.

He lived for his country, and died a brave man and I am proud to have known him.—E. Houghton, Woodhouse Street, Warwick.

Many Coventry readers will know to whom this refers. We will not give his name, because when he wrote he asked us to respect that confidence. Not only are we proud of him, but we feel that the whole brotherhood of JOHN BULL readers will be so too.

SMALL sweet-cum-toy shops sell a child's whistle that makes a perfect imitation of the sound of a falling bomb. The cost is a penny.

I know that the sound yielded is distressing to women who have had bad air raid experiences.

Realising what distress could be caused with such "toys" by a so-called practical joker, I wonder that the sale of such an article is permitted.—S. Bennett, Gallowtree Gate, Leicester.

This whistle, which contains a revolving vane like an air raid siren, was apparently made before the war. Manufacture has been discontinued. Police have powers to summon—and doubtless would do so—if such a whistle were used to alarm timid people.

COMRADES of the Manchester Auxiliary Fire Service are indignant and amazed at the callous treatment accorded the widow of a colleague killed while doing his duty.

We turned out with vehicles to walk in procession and so pay tribute to the memory of a brave friend. Messages of sympathy were showered on his widow.

But the authorities have sent her a bill for 8s. 9d.—for a lost steel helmet.

A soldier's widow is not made the subject of such inhumanity, and I and my friends in the A.F.S. trust that publication of this letter will rekindle a spark of human kindness in an official heart that has grown cold.—Eight Firemen, Manchester.

THROUGH the dropping of a time-bomb, a thoroughfare at —— was closed to the public the other day.

The only way war-workers could get to their jobs was to go across a foot-bridge.

The railway company in question charged everyone for a platform ticket.

Not even Chicago could think of a better racket.—T. Ingleby, Holland Park Drive, Rhyl, Flintshire.

In justice to the local railway officials we would point out that this happened some hundreds of miles from Rhyl. Obviously, we cannot name the exact district, but if any M.P. likes to get busy on the matter he can have full details.

HITLER might like to know that his worst bombing has little effect on the habits of the British public.

I was looking at a big building that had been brought to the ground by a Nazi bomb, when a railway van grazed a cab.

Instantly, both vehicles were surrounded by a gaping crowd. People pushed and shoved to hear the questions of a constable. The "blitz" was forgotten.—A. Hughes, Commercial Road, E.

FURNITURE remover myself, I know what profiteering is going on in this business. I am glad that JOHN BULL has ventilated the scandal.

But, in justice to many fair-minded removal firms who find themselves compelled to charge higher prices, I would point out this:

The days are short. Because many of the crews refuse to travel at night through much-bombed districts—and who can blame them?—a one-day journey often becomes a two-day one. It must often add substantially to the cost.

May I suggest that people go along and ask the removal man to *explain* any high price he asks. A fair man will do so.

In that way they might find that by packing china themselves—or even moving the furniture to the front door—they could save themselves pounds—and clear the remover of a term of opprobium, "Profiteer," that no good man likes.—H. N. S., Surrey.

NOBODY can tell how "assisted" evacuation works out. Take my own instance.

My wife is expecting a baby. The total cost of her confinement here in London, including medical attention, wouldn't have cost more than £5.

In the country district into which she has been evacuated with State help the cost will be six guineas a week nursing home fees, plus medical fees—perhaps £20 for a fortnight. And the expense may well go on for three weeks.—L. O. N., Brook Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

★ *This is YOUR feature — a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Sometimes we sit and talk for an hour without SPEAKING."

BATH WEEKLY CHRONICLE:—"He had PRACTISED the base of his skull."

STAPLEFORD AND SANDIACRE NEWS:—"Spectacle repairs of every description are carried out in our WORSHIPS in Derby."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"Dr. 'A. S. R—— said the cause of death was CONCESSION and shock."

THE STAR:—"His SPITE was dislocated."

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Eight high explosive bombs fell in an East ANGLICAN village."

THE STAR:—"T—— had broken through a DIVING wall and made a hole large enough to creep through."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"A fixed tubular heater operates at low loading, and it is still useful for intermittent DYING-OUT periods if weather turns wet."

EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES:—"The people of Crete are of the purest GREEN descent."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"Shooting down aircraft is not the SLOE aim of our gunners."

£60 CASH FREE MUST BE WON for FITTING PHRASES

£20 OFFERED ON THIS PAGE AND— **OTHER £20 PRIZES ON PAGES 16 & 20**

A

Keep in Good Heart & Health *on daily*

SHREDDED WHEAT

B

Holbrooks'

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

As essential in the Kitchen as on the Dining Table. "Just a touch" gives delicious and distinguished flavour. Economy is essential in war time—here is your greatest culinary "Economiser"!

C

".....but **VANTELLA SHIRTS** *have unshrinkable neckbands"*

D

COLDS & 'FLU

often start with a sore throat

That is your signal to take Cephos and stop the attack immediately. It does not affect the heart.

Cephos Pronounced See-fos THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/5 and 3/5. Single Dose 2½d.

E

Make a **POINT** of it this Christmas!

You'll need a really good wine this Christmas, and that means choosing from the famous POINT range—

RED POINT—a rich ruby wine of Port character.

WHITE POINT—a white sweet wine of Port character.

AMBER POINT—the British Sherry.

Sold by wine merchants everywhere.

POINT BRAND **Wines**

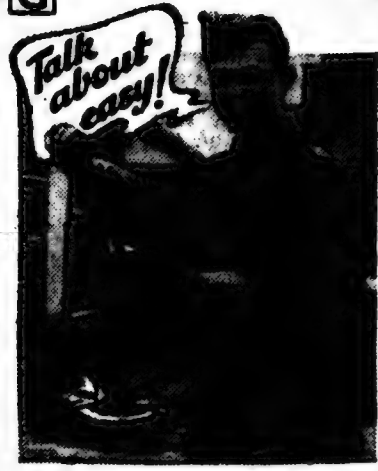
PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY.

F

This is the famous glass-and-a-half that goes into every ½ lb block of

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

G



—you get a brighter shine in half the time with

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

How to Win £20— *with this* FREE COUPON

On this page you find seven Advertisements—and on Coupon adjoining are seven Phrases. Which Phrase do you consider best applies to each Advertisement? Each of your TWO FREE ENTRIES for this £20 CONTEST, when completed, will consist of a column of seven letters—the SEVEN KEY LETTERS, A to G, of the Advertisements on this page. Simply insert in INK, in space beside first Phrase on Coupon, the KEY LETTER ONLY of the Advertisement which, in your opinion, most appropriately applies to each phrase; complete this first attempt column by similarly inserting KEY LETTERS against the remaining six Phrases—then have a second FREE ENTRY in the adjoining column. That's all.

A prize of £20 will be awarded for the correct placing in one column of the Seven Key Letters as decided by the Advertisement Director of JOHN BULL. **The Prize of £20 MUST be won.** In the event of a tie, or ties, the £20 will be equally divided—no competitor may win more than one share of a £20 prize in each Section. **There is no Entrance Fee.** No Key Letter may be used more than once in one column. No correspondence will be entered into. **Carefully study the Advertisements—** then send your entries in a sealed envelope (2½d. stamp). To save postage, Double Entry Coupons for each of the three Sections may be sent in the same envelope.

FURTHER £20 CONTESTS ON PAGES 16 and 20

SAVE POSTAGE—INCLUDE ALL ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE.

CLOSING DATE—WED., JAN. 8, 1941.

The name of Winner or Winners will be announced in "John Bull," on sale Thursday, January 30.

ADDRESS ENTRY: FITTING PHRASES, "JOHN BULL," 37/38, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

FREE

DOUBLE-ENTRY COUPON FOR FITTING PHRASES Section 2.

One entry in each column provided.

	1st Attpt.	2nd Attpt.
You may pay more—you won't do better.		
You can't do better than try it.		
Buy it once and you'll always like it.		
To be so popular it must be good.		
Goes further—lasts longer.		
Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.		
Everybody's Favourite.		

COLUMNS FOR YOUR 2 FREE ENTRIES Section 2.

I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE ..... ADDRESS.....
SECTION 2.

WRITE CLEARLY—USE INK .....

TALES of the TURF

BLONDIE BACKS a LOSER

Cathie raved and yelled, jolted me with her elbow, hit me on the chin with her handbag and called me all the dirty blighters under the sun

Continuing his stories of racing dramas that are lost in the thunder of the flashing hooves, "John Bull's" expert tells you how a jockey revenged himself on a double-crossing blonde and a "bookie"

By a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

CATHIE was a smasher.

She was tall, she was blonde, she was lovely.

I fell for her like a hungry fish after a tempting bait.

And was I sorry when I took Cathie from the front row of a high-kicking, musical comedy chorus, married her and installed her in a luxury flat down Maida Vale way!

For Cathie's idea of life was based on limousines, mink and sable, diamonds and pearls. And she loved to run around the racecourses handing my hard-earned dough to the "bookies."

And Cathie was not popular with the owners and trainers.

She was always spilling the beans.

I got a more than gentle hint that I'd do much better if Cathie stayed at home.

At first, Cathie didn't want to stay at home. But a real row and a cheque for a hundred helped her to see reason.

Now about this time I was booked to pull off at Newcastle one of the neatest little jobs of the year. Calcium, a smashing grey which had been holding back for a twelvemonth, was in the bag.

When the owner, the trainer and me got together, we pledged secrecy over a magnum.

"No talking," warned the owner, "and we'll clean up a fortune."

I was as mum as a dead mackerel.

Well, nearly, for I might have told Cathie that a tenner on Calcium would provide her with a new fur coat.

GOSFORTH PARK on the day of the race seemed veiled in a golden mist.

The owner told me and the trainer he was going to have £5,000 to £400. Then, he said, the market was ours.

I had just got into the saddle and Calcium, rearing to go, was rearing about when the owner came along. His scowl would have earned him an "Horrific" from the film censor.

"What the ——!" he yelled at the trainer.

"Calcium's favourite at 5—2. What's the so-and-so game?"

"Search me," said the trainer. "Outside the stable I've never breathed a word."

I put in an oar.

"I didn't blab," I declared. "Why should I rob myself?"

Calcium won in a canter.

But the small fortunes we expected had dwindled to about a fifth of what we had hoped for.

Inside the paddock, Wattie Wales, a big plunger, gave me a smile which suggested some guy had handed him the world on a golden platter.

"You sure made that grey go," he said.

"Yeah," I retorted, "I was fast, but some people around here are a whole lot faster."

The owner and trainer said nothing when I saw them. But they looked at me as though I were something crawling through a wood-pile.

MY wife greeted me with hugs and kisses.

"That win with the tenner seems to have cheered you up," I said.

"Yes, darling, and I got thirty-threes from Rummy Ross, the bookie, the day before the race."

Long odds, I thought to myself.

I said nothing then, but I thought a lot a few days later when Cathie bought me a diamond ring worth every penny of £150.

And when she began to nag, nag, nag about the horses I was riding; whether they had a chance of winning; the old brain-box began to work furiously.

What made the matter worse was that I learned Cathie had spent a riotous week-end, when I was away at Newmarket, with Wattie Wales and his flash crowd.

Cathie, it was whispered, had stayed with Wattie.

Rage and a desire for revenge possessed me. Cathie was all for a big winner in the Cloth of Gold Stakes.

"Well, there will be a neat little trick in that race that should interest you," I lied, "a horse all set for a win."

"Its name is Rattler," I added, "and you can have your usual tenner on, but no more. And, remember, mum's the word."

Now Rattler was a wrong 'un, a great starter, but a poor finisher. He couldn't have won a race in a thousand years.

All the way to Newmarket I kept impressing Cathie with the importance of secrecy.

At the paddock I heard that someone was piling the money on.

"The backers must be crazy to-day," the trainer said, "our little also-ran is favourite."

"Maybe they think the rest of the field will fall down," I said, as I cantered off to the gate.

Rattler sat back on his haunches when the tapes flew up, and I had an excellent view of the race.

I changed, and joined Cathie in the stand.

She didn't seem beautiful any more. I waited for the coming storm.

It was a beauty.

Cathie raved and yelled, jolted me with her elbow, hit me on the chin with her handbag, and called me all the dirty blighters under the sun.

I drove home alone, and when I got back to the flat it was empty.

In the morning came a little note from Cathie in the "good-bye for ever" vein. She had gone to live with Wattie, and the sooner I got a divorce, the better. . . .

THE years passed, but Wattie never married Cathie.

Then, one day, she came to see me.

The beautiful Cathie, I knew had vanished. In her place was a woman who had evidently been drinking a lot. Instead of a golden-haired charmer, stood a hard-faced matron, the worse for gin.

She told me a long tale of woe: how brutal Wattie had been to her.

"All I want is a chance to get my own back," she finished, "and maybe you could help."

Wattie, she explained, was sending a smashing brown colt to Doncaster—a job to dream about.

He had bought it in Ireland, renamed it, run it down the course and generally fiddled about with it.

Not only was it a flier, but also it would be doped.

Post offices were to be flooded with telegrams backing it at the last minute.

"If all goes well, Wattie and his bunch will clean up £50,000," said Cathie. "They expect it to start at 10 to 1.

I tried to hide my interest. I gave her a tenner and wished her luck.

Crowbar, the horse she mentioned, was running in a seller. There was no money for him on the course, and Wattie was absent.

I saw the colt in the paddock.

It was frisking and sweating around, and obviously had been well charged for the race.

When the tapes flew up, he was off like a greyhound. But the mount I had begged for the race could go a bit, too.

I went crashing alongside, bumping and boring for nearly half a mile. The kid on Crowbar was scared to death.

"My God," he yelled, "you are trying to crash me over the rails!"

"I can't hold this beast," I bawled back.

The boy was frightened and took a tight grip, nearly strangling Crowbar.

The field passed us.

I was satisfied.

I was hauled before the stewards for the most damnable exhibition of foul riding they had ever seen in their lives.

"Gentlemen," I pleaded, "I have a story to tell, and I want to tell it privately."

The room was cleared, and I told how Wattie had stolen both my wife and my character, and I went on right up to the doping of the horse.

The stewards pulled long faces and declared they would have to think the matter over. But I heard no more from them.

Wattie was determined on revenge.

I was in the stands at Hurst Park when I saw him making for me. His face was pale and there was murder in his eyes.

He swung a right that lifted me off my feet.

But I was back at him in a second, and in the next few minutes Wattie's education had begun.

A man only half-pint size has to learn to protect himself, and I had taken a long course in Ju Jitsu from an expert.

Before Wattie knew it, I had a head and arm lock on him that jolted his spine and put him in bed for six weeks.

The policeman who rescued Wattie from my grasp winked ponderously.

"Hey, you big mutt," he said, "wot you mean by knockin' the little feller abaht?"

NEXT WEEK: HIS LORDSHIP COLLECTS.

£60 CASH FREE MUST BE WON for FITTING PHRASES

£20 OFFERED ON THIS PAGE AND— **OTHER £20 PRIZES ON PAGES 16 & 18**

A

HOW WOMEN FIGHT BACK

There's twice the work in wartime if you've a home to keep going—and three times the worry. No wonder it gets you down sometimes. But you can be one of the people who fight back.

There's a wonderful strength-giving tonic, Wincarnis, that enriches your blood and gives your nerves a wonderful, calm power. A single glass of this wonder-working wine and—presto!—you're cheerful and able to get through your work as never before. Wincarnis pours iron, rich beef and malt-extracts into your system—gives you nerve foods, stamina, and energy, all in a single wineglass.

The Famous Tonic Wine

B

You can MIN it in a MINute!

Min is the speediest polish for giving a beautiful and lasting lustre to Furniture and keeping it free from bloom.

MIN CREAM

the half MINute polish

Of all dealers

C

DON'T let Indigestion restrict your diet this Xmas—or, indeed, any other time. Just suck two Opas Tablets after each meal. No Wind, Heartburn or Sourness will develop to discomfort you. Containing the alkaline digestive powder prepared to the formula of Dr. HUGH MacLean, Opas Tablets neutralise the excessive acidity which causes stomach troubles. Test them after your very next meal. Obtainable only from Qualified Chemists, trial tin 9d., double size 1/2½d.

OPAS MACLEAN TABLETS

Also in Powder form at 9d., 1/2½, & 2/-

D

"CURRYS WILL HAVE IT"

. . . That's what people are thankfully saying who know how difficult it is to get the things they want elsewhere . . .

CYCLES, RADIO, TOYS

—and Electrical and Household Goods of all kinds have been bought long ago in advance, as part of the Service which Currys give to their customers.

QUANTITIES STILL FREE OF PURCHASE TAX IN OVER 230 POPULAR SHOPPING CENTRES

Your best chance of getting it! always at

"GO TO THEM"

Currys

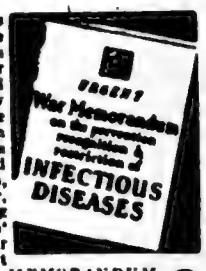
OVER 230 BRANCHES

E

FREE

AUTHORITATIVE BOOKLET on

INFECTIOUS DISEASES



There are measures which you can take now to save health and life in your family. War and evacuation may greatly increase the dangers of infection this winter. Learn how to guard against Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Influenza etc.—Apply for free Booklet "*URGENT WAR MEMORANDUM ON INFECTIOUS DISEASES.*"

Write to the SANITAS CO. LTD., Book Dept. J.B., 51, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

SANITAS

THE SAFEGUARD

F

Ever-Ready

CORRUX Blades

They're Keener for Cleaner Shaves!

Reg. Design No. 890031
Pat. No. 448463

G

LION OINTMENT for BOILS, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, ULCERS, even BAD LEGS

BRITAINS FIRST-AID famous for 90 years

Guard against Dangers of

SEPTIC WOUNDS

CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS. Keep LION OINTMENT in your First-Aid Kit. Apply immediately in case of Air-Raid injury.

Chemists. 1/5 3/5 6/6 per box (incl. Purchase Tax).

LION OINTMENT

How to Win £20- *with this* FREE COUPON

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CLOSING DATE—WED., JAN. 8, 1941.

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ADDRESS ENTRY: FITTING PHRASES, "JOHN BULL," 17/20, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

FREE

DOUBLE-ENTRY COUPON FOR FITTING PHRASES Section 3.

One entry in each column provided.

	1st Alpt.	2nd Alpt.
You may pay more—you won't do better.		
You can't do better than try it.		
Buy it once and you'll always like it.		
To be so popular it must be good.		
Goes further—lasts longer.		
Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.		
Everybody's Favourite.		

COLUMNS FOR YOUR 2 FREE ENTRIES Section 3.

I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE ..... ADDRESS.....

SECTION 3.

WRITE CLEARLY—USE INK .....

Eating Their Heads Off

To him, rationing is merely something to avoid. His miserable desire to eat all he can get makes him forget that other people must suffer for his greed

● HUMANIST rebukes those who forget the essence of humanity in their wolfish efforts to get more than their fair share of food, points out how we can conquer the Demon greed even at Christmas

IN describing the Christian religion, a Japanese said: "The Founder is worshipped through eating and drinking. His birth is celebrated with a pudding: His death with a bun."

It sounds odd when you put it that way.

Yet it is true that in all the great religions both fasting and feasting have a spiritual meaning.

Christmas has always been associated with good cheer.

And if we cannot keep Christmas with thoughts of "peace on earth," we can practise good will towards men.

Several letters about this business of eating and drinking have reached me lately.

"What would you do," asks a woman reader, "with a pig-headed old man who refuses to stick to his rations, although he pays nothing for what he gets?"

Her husband's business has been hit by the war.

His customers have scattered all over the country, and less than 5 per cent. are now dealing with him.

"Last Thursday, for example," she says, "he brought home 2s. 3d.

"Now, with poultry and a pony to keep, you can guess what a struggle I have.

"I have given up all my personal extras, such as books and malted milk, and my last pair of stockings are beyond repair.

"I have had to stop buying coal.

"I am not moaning about what can't be helped; but what does make me mad is the behaviour of my husband's brother, who is living here.

"Hale and hearty, he has an outsize appetite. He wants big helpings of everything!

"I often eat cheese in place of butter, yet the ration of butter won't last out the week. Nor will the sugar, although I take none myself.

"This brother-in-law has good teeth, yet he won't eat any crusts, won't touch cheese, and expects meat in plenty.

"Instead of being grateful for what he gets, he reminds us of what he used to have.

"He has a pension, but he has never offered me a penny. But I do his washing and mending for nothing.

"I would not mind so much if he were contented and willing to make shift sometimes. I am worried to death. How can we get through the winter?

"My husband's health is suffering already: he needs proper food and clothes. But I don't see what more I can do.

"Even if I were capable of going out to work, there is none to be had in this place. Whole streets of people have gone away."

This man is "spoilt."

Like all selfish people, he is completely ungrateful. He ought to contribute towards his food—he ought to do it without being asked—and he certainly ought to keep strictly to his rations.

I should keep his rations separate and let him "make do." I should ask him for a weekly allowance.

The man would not get free meals anywhere else.

He is behaving like a child.

NOW for a different story from a man who visited his wife in her evacuation quarters.

"On my arrival," he says, "my wife greeted me by saying, 'Have you brought your rations with you?

"She was getting so little to eat, she explained. The table was laid for supper. In the centre of the table on tarpe plates were a piece of cheese, two square inches, four thin dry slices of bread, and some pickles.

"Six grown-up people sat down to this feast."

The writer then tells of his hunger in the night and how he counted the hours to breakfast.

"Little did I dream," he adds, "that I was in for another shock.

"There were four slices of thin dry bread and a couple of sausages and tomatoes for breakfast.

"The tea was so weak that it would have come in handy if I had had my shaving kit with me.

"Yet my wife and the other adults were paying for board and lodgings. And they did the housework while the owners of the house were at work all day.

"I brought my wife back with me, thinking it wiser to chance a bomb from Jerry than to live in comparative safety in a state of semi-starvation.

"My wife is happy now. She can satisfy her appetite."

WHEN I wrote about evacuation problems weeks ago, I received many letters from readers expressing appreciation of their treatment in the reception areas.

The man whose letter is quoted is among the unlucky. His "hosts" were obviously out to make money.

To them evacuation was a profit-making racket, and they were taking the fullest advantage.

That kind of fasting is good neither for the body nor the soul.

It was as vicious in its way as the guzzling of that man described in the first letter.

I don't blame the writer of the second story for taking his wife away from that cheeseparing home, but it was not necessary to bring her into a danger area to get well fed.

A third letter comes from a girl of seventeen.

"I am always eating," she says. "I just can't stop! I know it is bad for my complexion, and it threatens to ruin my figure, but still I do it.

"I get substantial meals at home, plenty for anybody in normal health. Yet when I have eaten my fill I sneak away to my room and eat chocolates.

"I can't resist cakes and biscuits, and afterwards I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself. I get depressed about it, and keep away from my friends. I have lost touch with everybody."

The girl should have a medical examination. There may be something wrong with her, but I believe that the cause is mental. She eats to "spoil" herself.

A sort of compensation for neglect (real or imaginary) by her family.

It is a mistake to avoid friends. If she had a few friends who were genuinely fond of her, the craving for cakes and chocolates would disappear.

She is rather like the solitary drinker who takes to the bottle to drown his sense of failure.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without mentioning your name, of course).

THE GREATEST OF THESE

MRS. I. SMITH, of Shepherd's Bush, London, faces Christmas with utter misery tugging at her heart. Out of an income of 36s. a week, she is maintaining two small children and trying to pay off a debt of £18 incurred by the funeral of an elder son and his fiancée after they had been killed in an air raid.

This son had only recently been discharged from the Army as medically unfit, and she thought he would help her to provide for her small family.

She has yet another son, a boy of nineteen, now serving with the Army in the Middle East, who does all he can to help her.

She is not free from health worries.

Her sight is failing and she is a victim to bronchitis.

Please help her.

Donations should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given; lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

We are extremely grateful to those who sent to us anonymously.

CHRISTMAS

THE Christmas Star will still be shining radiant above War-darkened Lands, the Christmas Christ will be standing, The Peace of the World within His Hands. The Christmas Hopes will still be burning within men's hearts where'er they be, the Christmas Prayers will still be offered, to God on High, on bended knee.

THE Christmas Fun will be kindled beneath the drone of Threatening Foes, the Christmas Fare will be partaken, and laughter sprinkled on our woes. The Christmas Spirit will be lifted like a Bright Standard flown on high, the Christmas Faith will Never Falter, for Christmas WILL NEVER BE PASSED BY.

THE Christmas Carols will re-echo up and down the countryside, and all of those who have passed onwards will open out Heaven's Windows wide; while we on earth, with deep emotions, mingle our Christmas Thoughts with theirs, so that we can re-live our memories in Christmas Love, and Christmas Prayers.

THE Christmas Promise is Immortal, because a Little Child was born, whose tiny palms like soft rose petals held the Faint Shadow of The Truth. God grant the World Christmas Forgiveness which has re-crucified His Son, God Grant All Those who Wage War for HIM, Victory, and Peace, when War is Done. J. M.

The Last Laugh

T. T. (Oxford).—"When I have a seat on a bus and there are several women standing, I am always worried as to what procedure to adopt." Tell them that you wish to offer your seat to the oldest woman present. There will be no takers!

MRS. D. (Scarborough).—"A woman, as I can testify, is at a great disadvantage with her husband when she has lost her teeth." She would be at a greater if she lost her tongue.

ELSIE (Battersea).—"After the conductor seized my elbow I got on quickly." You soon had his arm round your waist?

G. L. (Hornchurch).—"My small boy is very worried at the thought of being evacuated to a farm, but he won't tell me why." Perhaps he's heard that they have thrashing machines.

M. T. (King's Langley).—"I find my steel helmet very useful in the country." You live in one of those low, oak-beamed cottages?

T. H. (Hampstead). — "She's always out at bridge clubs, cocktail parties or night clubs, though before we married she said she was a home girl." She's probably quite at home in all those places.

A. R. (Faversham).—"I feel very badly about my best friend running off with my wife." Well, naturally, you're bound to miss him.

L. K. (Chepstow).—"I asked her if she was going to London for good." But she refused to commit herself?

C. L. (Pembroke).—"Many young people who fall in love at first sight don't marry each other." No, they make the mistake of seeing each other a second time.

N. W. (Northampton).—"I received a generous present and was so touched that I wept." Onions?

N. K. (Newcastle). — "The greatest singers, it is said, sing even when they are in the depths of misery." The worst singers sing when other people are!

E. L. (Glasgow).—"My wife's nagging tongue is getting me down." Ours usually gets us up!

C. D. (Forfar).—"I hate people who run after you for what they can get." We dislike tax-collectors, too.

B. B. (York).—"Every man seems to have a joke about soup." Unless he has fallen into it.

P. R. (Heckmondwike).—"It seems to me that landladies make a point of mincing everything." Except their words if you leave owing them money.

MISS Y. (Etchingham).—"He keeps on trying to put his arm round my waist." You had better go in for a few slimming exercises.

PATER (London, N.).—"My two daughters never sing alone—it is always duets with them." Neither is prepared to take the blame?

J. D. C. (Harefield).—"It is easier to remember things of the past than more recent happenings. For instance, I doubt if you can recollect exactly what you did last Saturday afternoon." But we can—four aways on the long list.

OCTOGENARIAN (Ruislip). — "I have a young lady friend whom I take out to tea and people comment on the disparity of our ages. But every time I look at her I feel twenty years younger." And every time she looks at you she feels twenty years older?

JACK (Conway).—"I called on the dentist but he said he couldn't attend to me then as he had eighteen cavities to fill." And then, we suppose, he picked up his golf-bag and went out?

T. T. (Netherton).—"The Scots are very close indeed—it is not rumour, it's definitely true." Well, we don't know about that. A Scotsman we know often makes a joke at his own expense.

G. D. (Batley).—"I had great fun at the club last week. We had a beer-drinking contest." Who won the second prize?

H. H. (Warminster).—"My winter greens are only about four inches high. Do you know what I hoped they would be?" Yes, cabbages.

B. R. (London, S.W.).—"Shelter pests should be ruthlessly dealt with, and I would be pleased to enforce this." But supposing it is the pretty girl you have been admiring who starts to snore?

PUBLICAN (East Coast). — "I often call drinks on the house." Before the second customer arrives?

S. N. (Chepstow).—"Germany and Italy are showing signs of an oil shortage." No wonder the Axis is creaking.

E. N. (Barmouth).—"I take cards seriously and don't believe in flirting at whist-drives." You refuse to hold any hand but the one dealt to you.

F. P. (Nuneaton).—"Is a barrage raised where you live as soon as the enemy approaches?" Yes, the balloon generally goes up if she catches us sneaking in from the club in the early hours.

V. M. (Portishead).—"When I write a novel it will be one that flows swiftly." In other words, it will be difficult to wade through.

PRIVATE R. (Aldershot).—"When I turned out the guard for a joke I was told it would prove to be a very expensive one." It costs five pounds on the railways.

B. C. (Hampstead).—"I am an all-the-year-round bather, but a park-keeper tried to stop me taking my morning plunge yesterday. I simply ignored the man. What would you have done?" Shivered.

BETTY (Wandsworth).—"I am a cautious girl; I will never trust a man too far." Or too near, we take it.

C. H. (Pocklington).—"I am constantly oiling my car and now it is practically noiseless." We wish being oiled would have that effect on our neighbour.

FED UP (Chester).—"What sort of a time does a man get who is nearly all his waking hours at work?" Overtime, we expect.

F. F. (Coventry).—"The oldest people are the most optimistic. That's what this war is proving." For instance, there was the old gentleman of ninety who took his own bit of mistletoe to the public shelter.

S. N. (Filey).—"Just how long can a human being go without food?" We cannot say, but we think we know a certain restaurant waitress who is compiling the necessary statistics.

DORIS (Rainham).—"My new soldier friend always seems to have lots to talk about." Perhaps he was an auctioneer before he joined up.

MRS. B. (Louth).—"I often spend as much as four hours a day preparing my husband's meals." See letter below.

D. B. (Louth).—"My wife finds great difficulty in manipulating a tin-opener." See letter above.

P. M. (Thrapston).—"I wouldn't hesitate to call my wife a fool to her face." Why, is she stone-deaf?

MRS. V. (Sutton).—"My hair is beginning to turn grey, so I propose to use a dye." And keep it dark.

BUTLER (Kensington).—"There's only one thing in the world that gets me down." A keyhole?

AMATEUR (Harrow).—"I'm glad you came to see my show. Thank you for your criticism, but I shall not be acting on your advice." That's what we meant.

F. D. (Aston).—"What is the expression for a careless pedestrian?" Often just "the deceased."

LAUNDRYMAN (London, N.).—"I once had to wash a tent." That's nothing. Goering probably sends his shirts to some unfortunate laundry.

G. L. (Guildford).—"Can you remember when your radio sounded tinny and distorted?" Easily. And it will probably be like that again to-night, too.

T. W. (Acton).—"A street entertainer fined for causing a crowd to collect said he was a bookmaker fallen on hard times." Apparently in his previous profession a crowd had also collected.

OLD BILL : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I s'pose you ain't got no other fronts I could 'elp yer on, 'ave yer?"

AMERICANS SEND LIFE-BLOOD BY AIR

NEARLY two hundred lavishly equipped ambulances are bought and maintained by American business men in Britain, are now aiding the bombed civilians of London.

Another sixty will soon be on the road.

The American Ambulance Corps (Great Britain) is only a small part of the aid in money and material that scores of United States organisations, private and official, are pouring out to us.

* * *

By day ambulances carry patients from inner to outer London hospitals.

By night the ambulances wait for the worst emergency conditions before going out.

The American Red Cross, greatest of the societies helping Britain, is represented only by a small office staff in London, for it works mainly through existing British organisations, including the British Red Cross.

Yet by the beginning of the Blitz-bombing it had already made available cash and supplies worth £1,000,000.

Through its generosity, rare drugs and medical and surgical equipment, otherwise almost impossible to obtain, have been provided.

Recent shipments have included five thousand hypodermic syringes and morphia mixtures, costly X-ray and other apparatus, ambulances, more than a thousand special heating stoves for hospital shelters, lorries and mobile canteens, and vast quantities of clothing.

Twenty-five special wagons, shipped from the United States, were equipped as mobile canteens for firemen and A.R.P. workers, and the Women's Voluntary Service was authorised to purchase another ninety-six.

These will be staffed by W.V.S. workers, with whom the American Red Cross co-operate in many ways.

Hundreds of thousands of pieces of clothing have been sent from the States to aid bombed civilians. These are distributed by W.V.S. relief centres.

* * *

Three or four thousand local societies in the States are now collecting and sending clothes and money to Britain, and our East End children are proudly wearing clothes of American cut donated by Oshkosh, Wis., or Park Avenue, New York.

Scores of thousands of pounds in money grants for specific articles of clothing—mainly boots, socks, overcoats, underwear—have been made by the American Red Cross in London.

Recently £5,000 was voted to provide new homes for young children under five, bombed out of their homes.

It will house four hundred youngsters.

* * *

Aid given by American societies is characteristically "snappy."

As a British Red Cross official said: "The American Red Cross Committee in London periodically ask us our needs. They then send a cable to the other side and the goods, whatever they are, are shipped at once, regardless of cost."

Immediately after an air raid American authorities get in touch with local relief organisations.

Lists of garments, blankets and other supplies urgently needed in each area are quickly made up, and the supplies rushed to the bombed districts within a few hours of the bombing.

America is even helping with her own life-blood.

Plasma-dried blood, which keeps indefinitely, but becomes suitable for transfusion when mixed with water, is being flown from the States by the American Red Cross.

MERRY XMAS TO YOU!
No blank week for Prizes this year—this ONE WEEK Bullets Offer, with EXTRA 2 days to enter, maintains unbroken weekly distribution of CASH and SEASONABLE FARE
Make this a "BULLETS" XMAS!
EXTRA 2 DAYS to WIN
THESE 1140 BULLETS PRIZES VALUE OVER
£300
1 PRIZE £100
£20
£10
4 PRIZES OF 30/-
20 BONUS AWARDS each value £1
Bonus Award value £1 for each of the 20 entrants whose set of six "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.
100/- 80/- 60/- 40/-
38/- 36/- 34/- 32/-
25 HAMPERS OF PROVISIONS
100 SURPRISE AWARDS value 5/-
1,000 NEW MERIT AWARDS.
Note-MONDAY following Xmas is this week's NEW CLOSING POSTMARK—Monday DEC. 30.

1,104 PRIZES JUST WON—THIS WAY TO WIN YOURS!

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,249

£20 Second Prize: T. Warwick, 13, Northlands Road, Eastleigh, Hants.
Example: **Christmas**
Bullet: **Little Excuse "Save" *Us.***

£10 Third Prize: R. G. Patterson, "Long Acre," 295, Hunts Cross Avenue, Woolton, Liverpool.
Example: **Mighty Stream**
Bullet: **Crossing Atlantic, Affecting "Tide."**

100s.: T. B. Worthington, 72, Pretoria Road, Romford, Essex.
New Britain Stands—By Least—At Greatest.

85s.: F. Graham, 55, Jasper Avenue, Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham.
Mussolini—"Peseter"—"Game" Bringing Down.

80s.: J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs.
Heaven Help The Nazis When—Their Slaves "Rub Lamps."

85s.: E. E. Pearson, c/o 26, Boothferry Road, Goole. (Entered on Prize Coupon).
Happy Event—No Addition, Axis "Family."

80s.: C. E. Scott, 4, Flintham Drive, Sherwood, Nottingham.
Blown to Bits—Wifey's Depression—"Bomb Sale"!

75s.: Miss B. Riley, 8, Union Street, Worcester.
Less No Time And—Save All Your Overtime!

70s.: L. Godsall, Coverdale, Edgerton, Huddersfield, Yorks.
Dreams of Hitler—Wifey—Blacks-thy Eye!

65s.: A. M. Wardell, 143, Norwood, Beverley, Yorks. (Entered on Prize Coupon).
Mussolini—Pilot—General—Never *Admiral!*

60s.: D. G. Mitchell, 4, Westclyffe Street, Glasgow.
Less No Time And—Invite "Tommy" To "Tucker"!

55s.: J. M. Smith, 28, Bluevale Street, Glasgow.
Wifey's A Brick, But—Blitzer's *Window* "Broke" *Her!*

50s.: F. Carter, 349, Fore Street, Edmonton, London, N. (Entered on Prize Coupon).
Blown To Bits—Of Girls, Grandpa's Kisses!

List of 30 winners of Christmas Turkeys and 60 winners of Christmas Fowls can be seen at these offices. The 20 £1 Bonuses and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet* right away. Polish up the wording, see that your comment is apt and fits the *Example* well and this *Bullet* may well prove a *winner*.
Read the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on the left and see just how simply it is done. Then get busy with your *own Bullets*! Make the most of your Christmas leisure. Use the TWO EXTRA DAYS for entering and "John Bull's" next First Prize Joy wire may well be YOURS!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

MUSSO'S MISTAKE
WHEELS OF INDUSTRY
GREECE
SUICIDE SQUAD
FULL SPEED AHEAD
MAKES ME LAUGH
NOT GOOD ENOUGH
FLEECING THE PUBLIC
BUSINESS MAN
FOOLHARDY
SHORTER RATIONS
ACID TEST
TURN OF THE TIDE
CHAOS
DO YOUR DUTY AND
GOOD SAMARITAN
WON'T WIN
THE RIGHT STAMP
NAZIS THINK
WASTE IS WICKED, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Tommy's.....	Where ..... Gets
Cost Of.....	..... For Britain
When.....Calls	..... Promises

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that *every Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.
Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 2 *Bullets* Pay for 4, get 2 FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,253, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value.... No.....

1,253 NEW Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 30

Signed.....

Address .....

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin.

ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 3,500-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

"

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Your Last Chance! for John Bull's Great Xmas Gift

Written 2-YEAR GUARANTEE with this PEN
ONE OR BOTH GIFTS take your choice
Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with this SET
BRITISH MADE
POST at ONCE!

THIS is the LAST CHANCE for readers who have not already applied for "John Bull's" great Christmas Gift. Owing to the record-breaking demand, this offer must definitely close on December 31st. "John Bull" invites you to accept one or both of these magnificent offers, and presents you with two Free Christmas Gift Vouchers—one value 2/6 and the other value 7/—which will be accepted by "John Bull" as cash in part payment. Don't risk missing the greatest of war time gifts.

John Bull VALUE 2/6
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- lever filling fountain pen. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 2/10, which includes postage and insurance.

Available only until 31st December, 1940.

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- lever-filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased, is fitted with a 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib tipped with iridium.

Written 2-year Guarantee with this Pen.

John Bull VALUE 7/-
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 7/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de-luxe. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 5/10, which includes postage and insurance.

Available only until 31st December, 1940.

A FREE 7/- GIFT VOUCHER

will be accepted as 7/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Writing Set de-luxe. The lever-filling pen is fitted with a large 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib, iridium tipped, and is embellished with two inlaid 18-ct. ROLLED GOLD bands. The companion ever-pointed Pencil has a propel-repel movement—complete in beautifully coloured presentation case.

Written 5-year Guarantee with this Set.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept. 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filling Fountain Pen. I enclose P.O. for 2/6 plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 3/10 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/- which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE-LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/6 plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 5/10 in all.

PENS—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE. *Crossnot grades of nib NOT required.* PENCIL—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE

If you desire BOTH GIFTS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/6 only.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS..... Write clearly in Block Letters. 21 12 40

.....

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THIS WEEK'S FOOD FACTS

ON THE POTATO FRONT

POTATOES are home grown: we can eat as many as we like without using one inch of cargo space, Potatoes are good for us: they give us energy and bodily warmth and are what scientists call "protective" foods—that is, they help us to ward off infections. And remember — potatoes shouldn't always mean *boiled* potatoes. There's no end to the delicious ways in which they can be served.

Can you Cook Potatoes?

Before you answer "Yes" just read quickly through these questions.

1. Do you always *scrub* your potatoes rather than peel them? (Nearly one-fifth of the value of the potato is lost if it's peeled.)
2. Do you conserve the goodness of your potatoes by baking or steaming them whenever possible? (If you haven't a steamer, a colander put over a pan of boiling water and covered with the pan lid will do.)
3. When boiling potatoes, do you boil them only for 10-15 minutes, then drain, cover with a cloth and the lid and then let them cook in their own steam for about 20 minutes, to keep them whole and floury?
4. Do you keep your baked potatoes nice and floury by bursting them gently when they are done, and returning them to the oven for a minute to let the steam escape?

Potato Salad

The golden rule about Potato Salad is "Mix warm and eat cold."

Steam some potatoes in their skins, peel and cut them into small chunks while still warm, add a finely chopped raw onion and whatever kind of salad dressing you like best. Mix these together thoroughly with a wooden spoon. When the salad is cold, add a good sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

Large baked potatoes can be stuffed in a great variety of ways. Here are three suggestions:

1. Cut the potato in half lengthwise, scoop out most of the inside and mix in a basin with pepper and salt and about 2 ozs. of grated cheese. Pile the mixture into the potato cases, sprinkle the tops with a little more grated cheese and return to the oven to brown.
2. Mix the scooped-out potato with about 4 ozs. of cooked meat or fish, finely chopped. Season with salt and pepper, pile into the cases, sprinkle with chopped parsley and reheat in the oven.
3. Mix the scooped-out potato with any left-over cooked vegetables and serve as above.

Potato Pastry

There's no end to the things you can make out of potato. Try this recipe some time. You'll need:—

4 ozs. sieved, cooked potatoes, ½ teaspoonful salt, 8 ozs. plain flour, 3 ozs. cooking fat, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Sieve the flour with the baking powder and salt. Rub the fat into the flour, add the potato and rub in lightly. Mix to a very dry dough with a small quantity of cold water. Knead well with the fingers and roll out. This is delicious with either sweet or savoury dishes.

Cautionary Tale!

Those who have the will to win
Cook potatoes in their skin,
Knowing that the sight of peelings
Deeply hurts Lord Woolton's feelings.

Remember to turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD LONDON S.W.1

Both carefully washed—but

Persil washes so gently that it makes fine fabrics last longer

When you're washing fine fabrics—silks, coloureds, woollens—you don't want half-and-half results. You want these things to come back to their first freshness—colours clear and crisp, woollies soft and fleecy, silks shimmering like new again. And, most of all, you want *gentle* washing, for clothes are extra precious these days. In a word, you want Persil. There is nothing like Persil, with its magical oxygen action, to remove all the dirt thoroughly and extra gently.

Don't forget the Persil free advice bureau — always at your service. Washing, rinsing, drying, ironing, whatever the problem, write to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs. A postcard will do.

Economise this way

It's all the more important these days, when you want all your clothes and household linen to last as long as possible, to use Persil. *Persil's gentleness makes things last.*

PER 797-172-55

PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

9/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from to-day's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types. Buy NOW before prices increase.

E. J. RILEY LTD.
Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

Fortify your Kidneys!

UNDER present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overwork and worry greatly increase the task of nature's filters. If they become congested and slacken, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up

BACKACHE, URINARY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PAINS, GETTING UP AT NIGHT, RENAL DROPSY, INFLAMED JOINTS.

Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doans. They have helped thousands. Why not you?

Ask for DOANS, 1'5, 3'5, 5'8 (Incl. tax)

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